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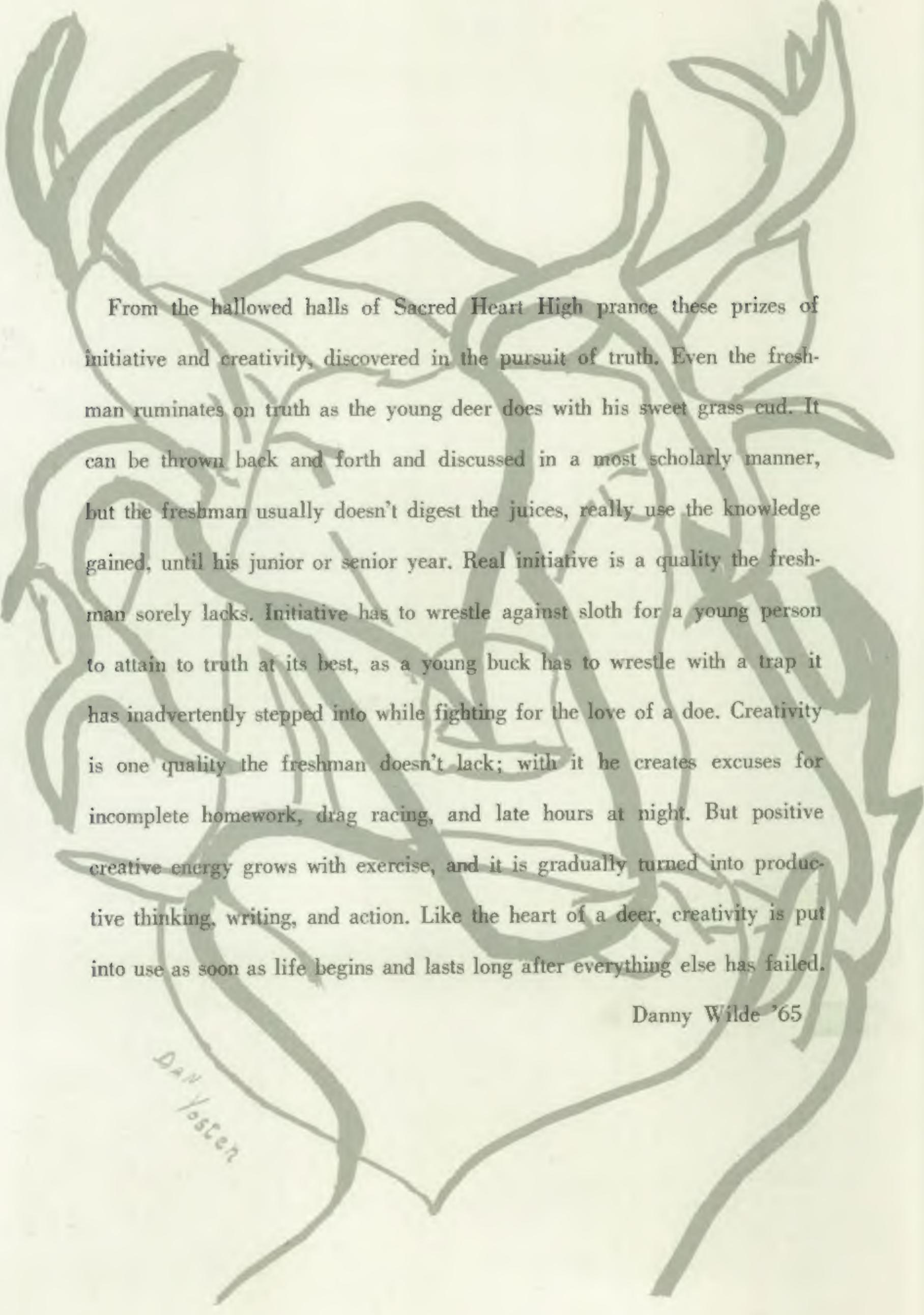
Cordis

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A Pictorial-Literary Publication
Sacred Heart High School
Muenster, Texas



High School is a process in which an individual searches for the truth as a young oak's branches seek out light in the forest.

Larry Reiter '65



From the hallowed halls of Sacred Heart High prance these prizes of initiative and creativity, discovered in the pursuit of truth. Even the freshman ruminates on truth as the young deer does with his sweet grass cud. It can be thrown back and forth and discussed in a most scholarly manner, but the freshman usually doesn't digest the juices, really use the knowledge gained, until his junior or senior year. Real initiative is a quality the freshman sorely lacks. Initiative has to wrestle against sloth for a young person to attain to truth at its best, as a young buck has to wrestle with a trap it has inadvertently stepped into while fighting for the love of a doe. Creativity is one quality the freshman doesn't lack; with it he creates excuses for incomplete homework, drag racing, and late hours at night. But positive creative energy grows with exercise, and it is gradually turned into productive thinking, writing, and action. Like the heart of a deer, creativity is put into use as soon as life begins and lasts long after everything else has failed.

Danny Wilde '65

DAN
WILDE

Fleitman's Fable

by BLONDIE FLEITMAN (with apologies to Chaucer)

The poor hen was really feeling low. Well, why not? Animals have feelings too, and I'm sure that they get just as confused about life as we do. Anyhow this one had been tearing herself down all morning and she had about convinced herself that she was completely unwanted when she happened to glance down.

"No, I'm not really bad looking," she said to her blurred reflection in the water trough. "In fact, if I remember to tuck in my wings and hold my head high, I could pass for Partlet. Oh, who am I trying to fool? Only a crosseyed, skimpy-feathered ninny would think I was even pleasingly plump, much less fit company for Chanticleer. After all, he is the most prized catch around. Not that he's the only available rooster either; there are plenty more."

"You know, it's funny how none of the other hens pay any attention to them. And the shy one with the crooked comb is really kinda' nice. Oh, I've got to stop this kind of thinking. If I expect to latch onto something really good, I have to set my sights high." And with that she flew to the top of the fence to decide on her next move.

But really, what could she do? Fainting at his feet would probably just trip him. Her best friend wouldn't let her borrow her false eyelashes. He wasn't the type who would get sentimental or even sympathetic.

Then it struck her. No, not an idea, a rock. Two peacocks were fighting in the yard across the fence and weapons were flying everywhere. Then as the fight ended and the kaleidoscope of feathers settled a thought did strike her. If she were more colorful, more attractive, more noticeable, surely he would fall madly in love at first sight of her! So she carefully collected the peacock plumes and with the aid of a bottle of Elmer's glue she was soon the most beautiful character around.

As she strutted out into the yard she held her head high. Oh, she was proud of herself! But when the rooster did see her she lowered her head in shame. The wicked beast was making fun of her; laughing at her in front of all her friends. All, that is, save one, and I suppose you could guess who that one was. Yes, Crookedcomb wasn't really as bad as she had believed him to be; after all beauty is only skin deep. And as all true love stories end, they lived happily ever after.



Freshmen



Mr. Walter Wolf

Freshman Sponsor
Assistant Coach
Mathematics Instructor



PAUL CAPLINGER



LAURA TRUEBENBACH



GILBERT HESS



RAMONA VOTH



STEVEN YOSTEN



JEROME OTTO

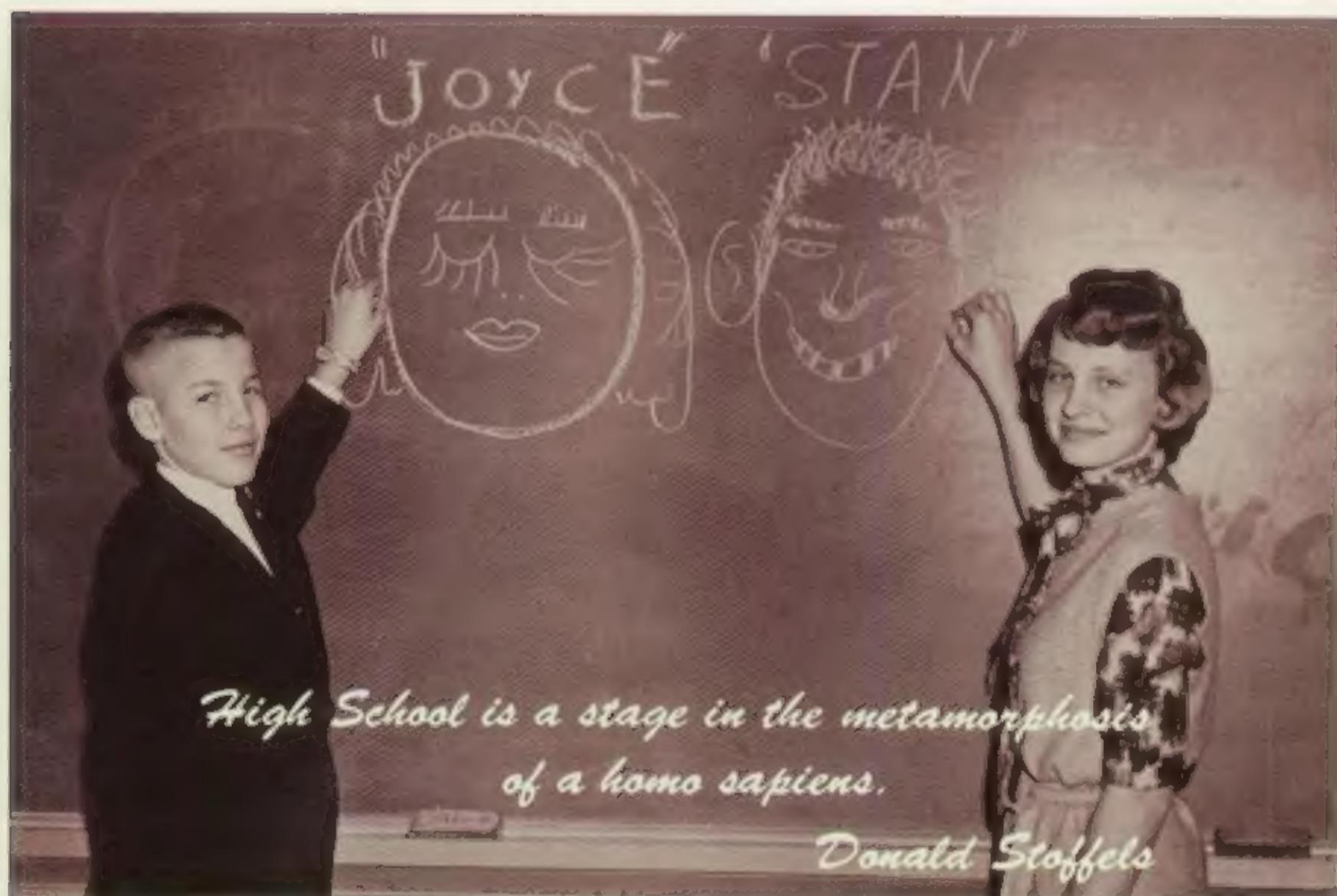


MARY ALICE KOESLER



ROBERT MILLER

*Freshman
Favorites*



STAN ENDRES

JOYCE SCHMITT



JOYCE SCHMITT



SANDRA SICKING



STANLEY ENDRES

WHAT HIGH SCHOOL MEANS TO ME . . .

Everyday that I arrive at Sacred Heart, I enter more than just a building. I enter a part of my life, a life which consists of preparing me for an ever changing world.

To me High School is the place where I will mature and mentally grow up. It is where I will more distinctively comprehend the reason for my very existence.

—JOYCE SCHMITT '68

BOOKS

A book is a book
Filled with knowledge;
It is like a fountain
Of which we can drink
And satisfy our thirst;

But who can explain
The essence of a book?
Its boundless measures
Flow over into
The curious minds of the world.

—LINDA ZIMMERER, '67

Initiative is being ready to go ahead
and make an awful mistake.

—SANDRA SICKING '68



SHARLENE WIMMER



STEPHEN HESS

CREATIVITY—

is what Cinderella's fairy godmother along with most artistic people possess. When you possess this quality you have the "know-how" to take a useless object and make it into something logical and intelligent.

—LINDA ROHMER, '68

ART

What is ART?

To me it is beauty.
Art is line, sharp and graceful.
It is color, bold and subdued.

Art caters to my imagination.
It takes the form I wish it.
Art gives inspiration.
It stimulates.
Art starts me thinking.
It gives insight of what God is.

—JANIE KNAUF '67

INITIATIVE—

is the courage to do what you think
is right,

And making wise cracks before anyone
else.

TRUTH—

is being honest with yourself and
heartaches.

—ANNE LANDSFELD '68



LINDA ROHMER



ANNE LANDSFELD



DONNA STOFFELS



GLENN OWEN



BEN FLEITMAN



CHRIS WALTER



IMOGENE VOGEL



PATRICIA FLEITMAN

High school, in short, means my life. My whole day is centered around high school. With high school comes responsibility and maturity. In high school we have more freedom than ever before. We again have the responsibility of learning how to use this freedom.

—IMOGENE VOGEL, '68

High school is the meeting place of responsibility and freedom. It makes us what we may hope to be by what we produce through our initiative and creativity. It is only when one has choices to make, when he fully realizes that he is on his own and must use his creativity along with initiative to master problems, that youth will mature into a responsible adult.

—GRACE MOSTER '68

High school means a new way of life, the first stage of becoming an adult. It marks the beginning stage in the preparation of our life's work. We learn to appreciate art, science, literature, and we find our abilities and potentials.

—JOAN SICKING '68



GRACE MOSTER



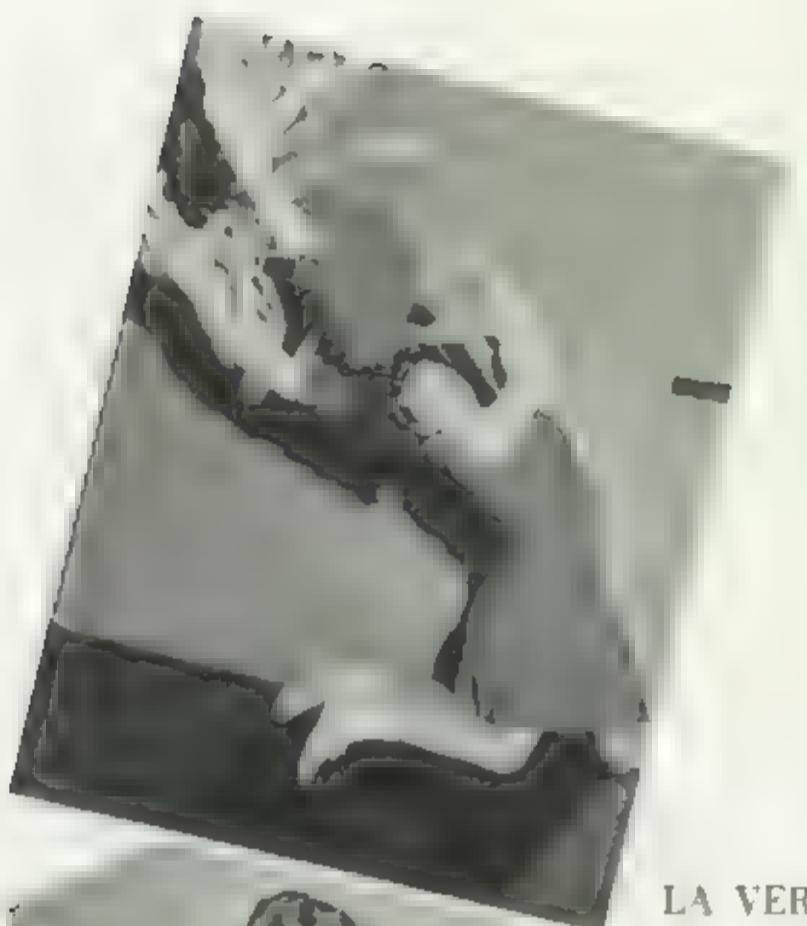
JOAN SICKING

Homecoming

Petitions are now being taken for the Homecoming Queen. We will be holding a
homecoming queen coronation on Saturday, October 10th at 8:00 PM in the gymnasium. The
Homecoming Queen will be crowned at the football game.

Carl Adam Doff Donald Kohmen
Sister M. Geraldine Sam Endres
Walter Wolf Daniel Elstman
Joe Feltgenhoff Jerry Otto
Sister Barbara
Sister Roberta





LA VERNE OTTO



ANGIE HESS



BARBARA
SCHMITT



DEBBIE FETTE



BLONDIE FLEITMAN



BRENDA
WALTERSCHEID

Cheerleaders '64



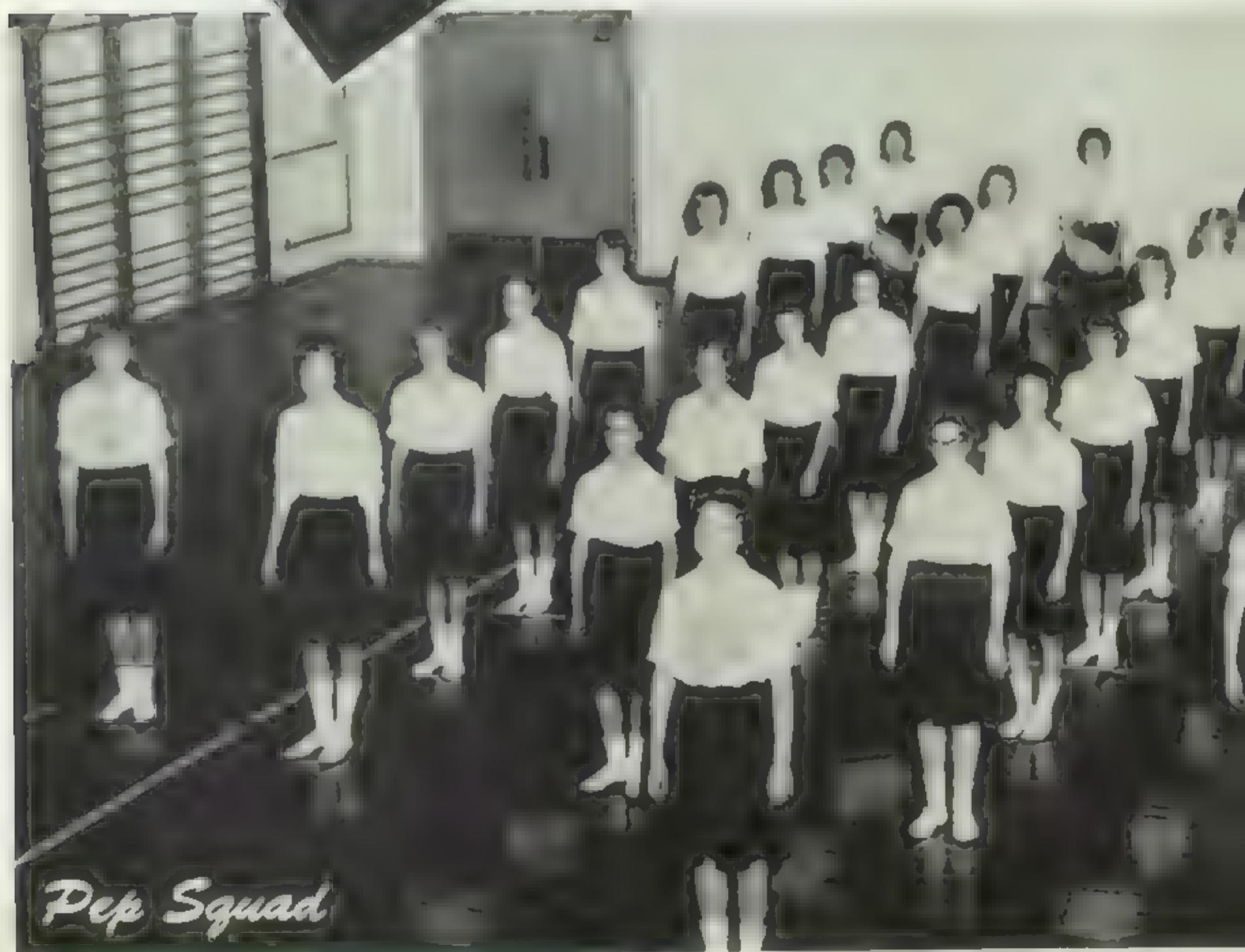


DRILL LEADERS:

Marilyn Winterscheid,
Janie Hess,
Aara Herr



Drill





Team

SQUADRON LEADERS.

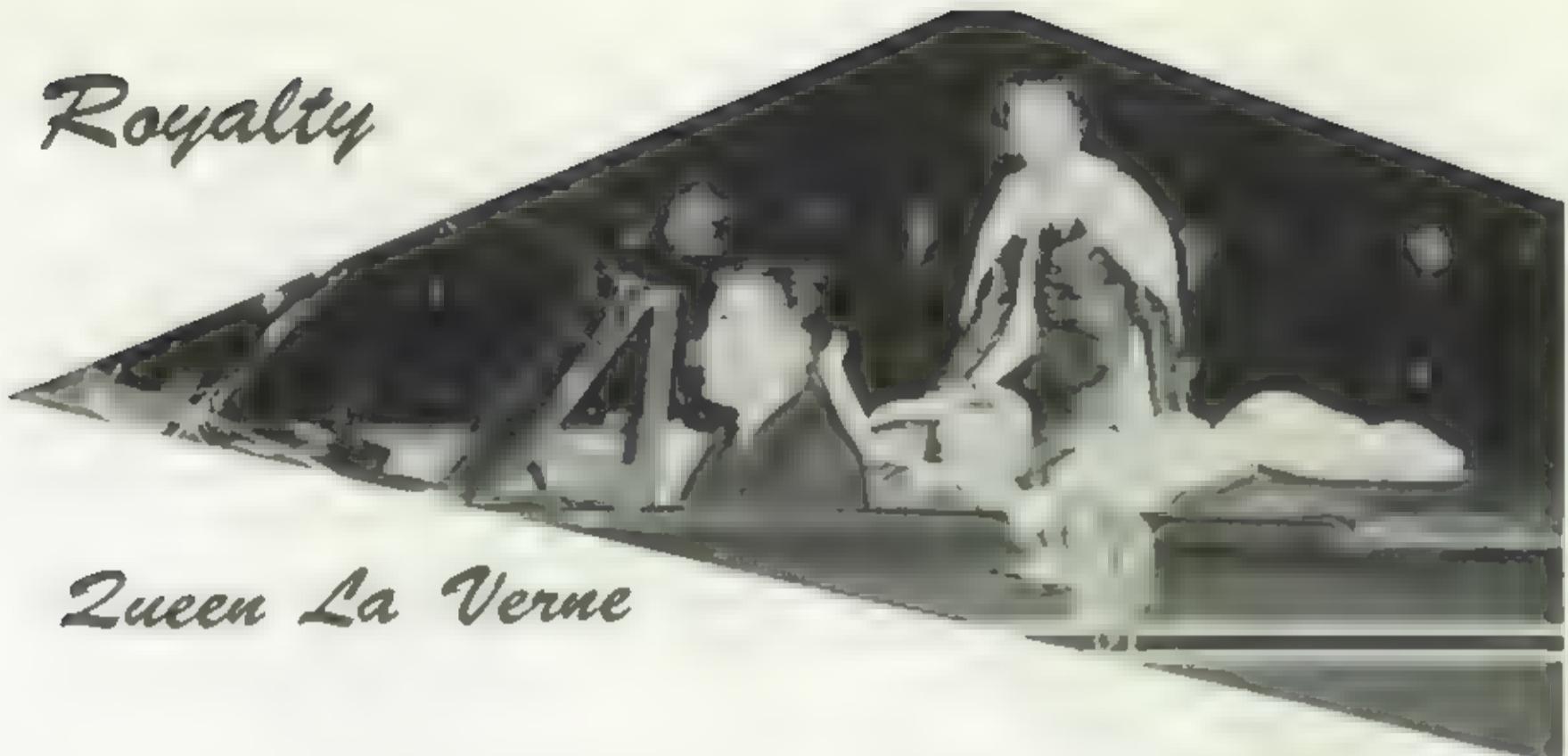
Rachael Endres,
Eileen Hesse,
Geri
Haverkamp



Drill Team: Jane Fleitman, Mary Wimmer, Marcia Cler, Janice Yosten, Gloria Gieh, Mary Knabe, Mary Ellen Endres, Evelyn Hess, Kathy Walterscheid, Patsy Hartman, Elizabeth Knabe, Mary Kay Luttner, Cynthia Stoffels, Candice Fette, Pauline Fleitman, Sheila Voth, Sheila Hennigan, Dianne Gehrig, Margie Fuhrmann, Carol Pels, Ruby Shumaker, Mary Jane Knauf, Joyce Klement, Janice Trubenbach, Jane Hess, Marilyn Walterscheid and Alma Herr

Linda Hoedebeck, Kathy Denichsweiler, Mary Jeaneite Knabe, Sharlene Wimmer, Joyce Schmitt, Laurie Truebenbach, Donna Stoffels, Doris Grewing, Debbie Schilling, Mary Hesse, Monica Fetsch, Gloria Reiter, Anne Landsfeld, Cheryl Reiter, Linda Rohmer, Mona Voth, Sandra Sicking, Shirley Vogel, Judy Dangelmayr, Linda Zimmerer, Annett Sicking, Monica Becker, Imogene Vogel, Grace Moster, Mary Koesler, Dolores Sicking, Eileen Hesse, Rachael Endres, and Gloria Haverkamp

Royalty



Queen La Verne



Princesses

Gloria and Cathy



*Princess
Sandra*



Queen La Verne Otto



Queen La Verne with son
David Hess



1st Captain David Hess crowns La Verne Trumbauer, Marilyn Otto, Lis Mollekoef, Debbie Schreiner, Janet Kline

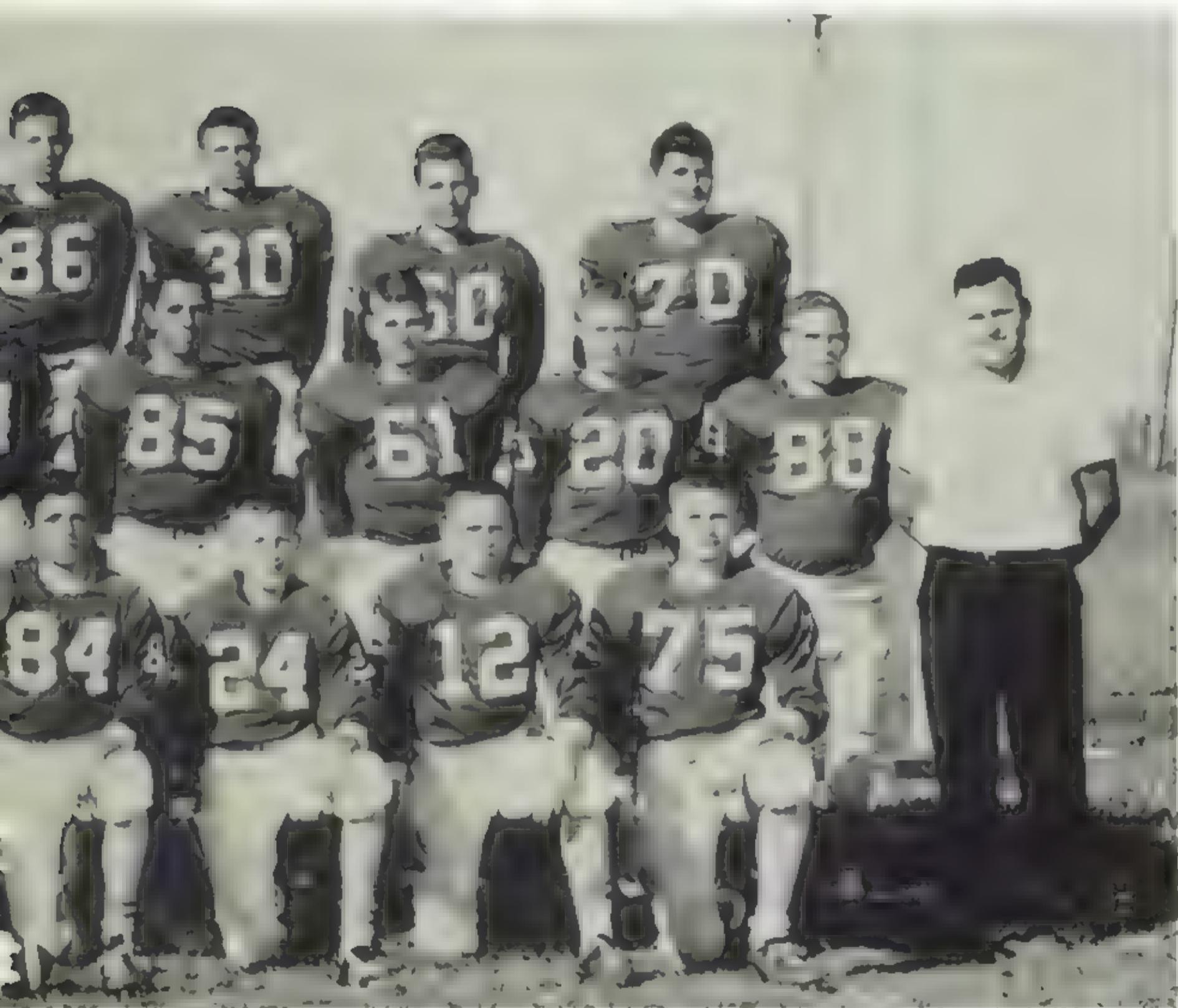
'64 Tigers



TOP ROW: Melvin Koezer, Ray Wimmer, Danny Hoenig, Donny Rohmer, Sam Endres, Larry Hess, Wayne Reiter, John Streng. MIDDLE ROW: Coach Walter Wolf, Dale Hofsauer, Andy Klement, Joe Bayer, Leon Endres, Gilbert Hess, Jerry Yosten, Dwayne Schilling, Willie Wimmer, David Hess, Coach Adam Wolf. FRONT ROW: Gus Fleitman, Steve Hess, Glenn Owen, Ted Endres, Steve Yosten, Stanny Endres, Jerry Otto, and Robert Miller.



MANAGERS' ALBUM
Schilling, Kenneth Schmitz





CLOCKWISE: Ray Wimmer, fullback; David Hess, halfback; Larry Hess, halfback; Tom Endres, quarterback; Willie Wimmer, end; Danny Hoenig, end; Donny Robb, right guard; Wayne Reiter, right guard; Dale Holzner, center; Dwayne Schulng, left guard; Melvin Koelzer, tackle; CENTER: Hoenig carrying the ball.

*Tiger Coach
Adam Wolf*



*Tri-
Captains*



Leon Endres, Ray Wimmer, David Hess

Creativity is the act of making

AUTUMN'S LEAVES

Autumn's leaves fall to the ground.
And as I finger beautiful colors,
I almost wish I could be of their rank.
I'd have no care or worry.
I could be part of a mulberry tree.
All I'd have to do is "Fall, fall."
Fall to the ground in autumn's sunshine.
Never upward would I go, no never.
The wind might blow me to and fro,
Then with peace in mind, I'd wither and die.

MARY HESSE '67

A FANTASY

I can see her plainly now: battered scarf on her brown head, a black bulky raincoat buttoned tight, shorts barely showing beneath this and the rest bare. She looks happy slushing around in the big rain puddle, letting the gravely mud cover her feet and the rain drench her legs. Occupying herself in building a dam, she doesn't see the lightning pounce upon and destroy a distant tree. Having built the dam she looks around her and something seems to strike her fancy. Running, she splashes water all around her as she nears a creek. In she goes the water almost touching the already wet shorts. Holding something, she sits down paying no attention to the mud and weeds around her. Having sat very still, she slowing gets up and starts for home. All I can see now is my little daughter's form, fading away under the rainbow.

JANIE FLEITMAN '67

'65 CARS ON PARADE

Here they come in all their array—
Gliding, sliding, sailing, hailing
Old-timers in disdainful mockery,
Stately Ford and enchanting Chevy
Nod their proud heads
As they sweep through the city.
Stiffly march Buick and Chrysler,
Exotic Cadillac, marvelous Rambler,
Beautiful are they with majestic swell,
But I like a Honda just as well.

MARY ELLEN ENDRES '67

something you can call your own.

JOE DAVID BAYER '67

AFTER POE

I was walking through the thick underbrush, with fallen logs and decaying leaves underfoot. At a glance I mistook a dead tree for a man with a dark complexion and a heavy overcoat. As dusk grew, I came to a clearing. I could make out an old, dreary mansion with its ghostly appearance. A giant condor sat on one chimney, which was half fallen away. The bricks were strewn around in ominous disarray.

As I turned the knob, the door fell off its hinges. Out of the dust which arose appeared a sinister figure, an old man his eyes protruding as if on pinnacles. His clothes were in dusty tatters as if worn for many years. His long fingers fluttered nervously in the air. The chills of stark fear ran down my spine; I stood frozen, unable to collect my wits enough to move.

Suddenly I bolted and ran up the path, then stopped and looked back. To my everlasting torment I saw nothing! It was as if the very earth had opened and swallowed all that I had seen.

JOHN STOFFELS '65

DONALD STOFFELS

as Uncle Chris

DIANNE FELDERHOFF

as the hospital
receptionist

DEBBIE FETTE

as Katrine

JANIE FLEITMAN

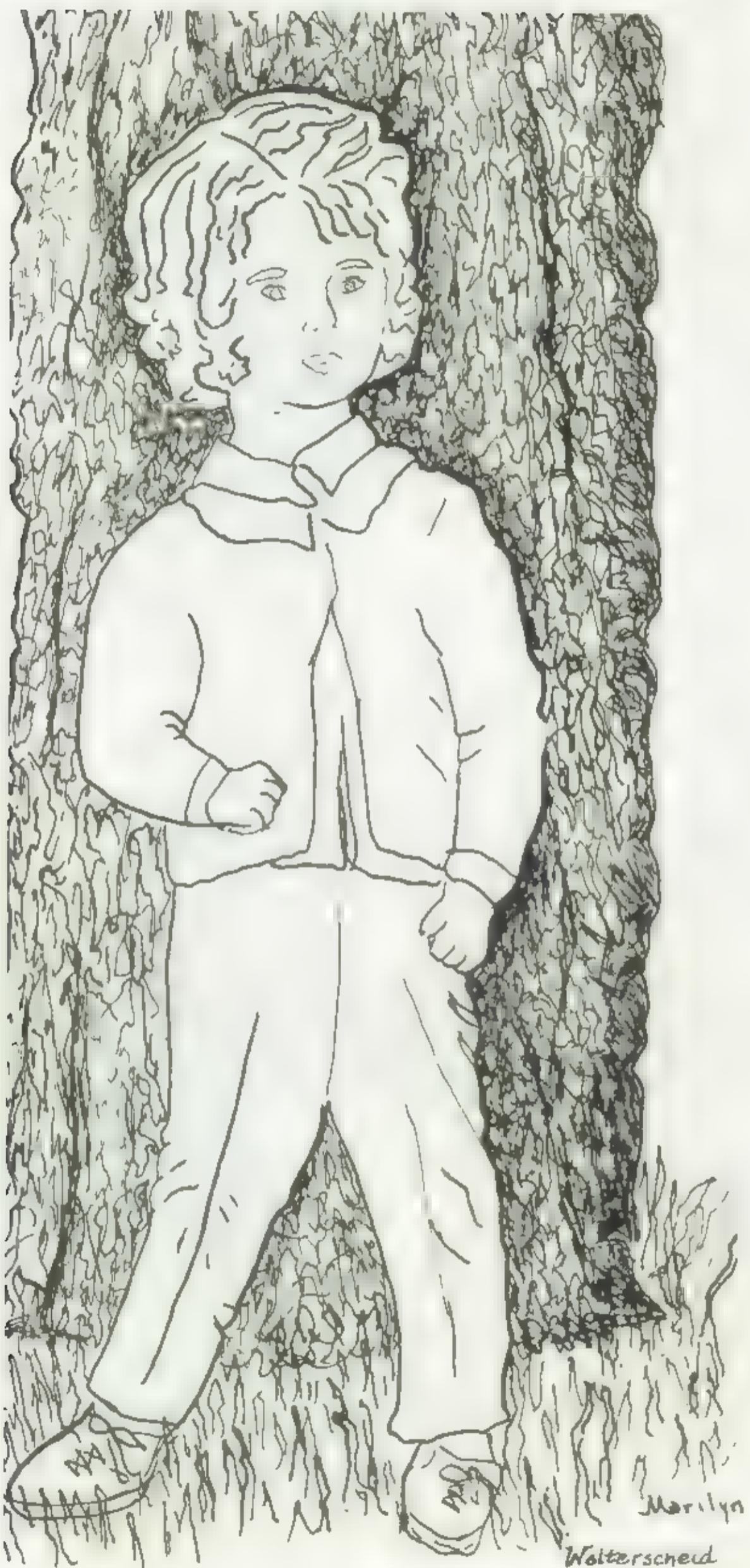
as Mama



Sophomores in an episode from *I Remember Mama*

The Quest

by JANE HESS '65



It had always been sort of a tradition that we go snake hunting at least once a summer. It wasn't that we enjoyed the escapade so much, it was just that the hunt was sort of an initiation rite of the family. A failure was unspeakable. Even more awesome was the fact that this was my first year and I was to be scout.

Our departure took place at ten o'clock on this any-day-of-the-year morning. Mama had fixed one of those breakfasts which have everything but pleasant taste.

I didn't mind the walk to the timbers; it was short and encouraging. It always seemed so wonderful that I could look out for miles over the fields and breathe the air that I shared with the whole world. The fact that I breathed the same air as the queen of England always made me feel a part of everything and everybody.

As we strolled along in a straight row, we must have looked like an intent group of anthropologists, except for an occasional skip or two; we talked gaily about what we were interested in most of all.

"I wonder what kind of a baby mama is gonna have," I said smiling girlishly.

"Probably a girl, knowin' our luck."

"What's so bad about a girl?"

"Nothin' that a boy can't beat."

"You wanna' bet?"

"Shut your damn mouth!"

"Dennis, I'm gonna tell mama on you."

"Go ahead—I don't care."

"Well, I don't care what you say; a girl'll beat a boy anyday."

"Yea, well I can beat you up."

"I'll tell mother."

"If you do I'll slam my fist down your prissy little mouth."

"You big bully. I hope it is a girl, just to show you."

"Hey, we're almost there," cut in my cousin's sharp voice.

"Dennis."

"Yeah?"

"How's mama gonna get a baby anyway? She never said where it was gonna' come from." He ignored me. He did that sometimes when he didn't know the answer.

"Only thing I noticed different is the way mama takes pills instead of eating. But that's probably 'cause she's getting so fat." I hoped that I would never get that fat. It sure didn't make sense. I wished that I could remember how I had gotten here.

"Dennis, do you remember how you got here? I mean when you were a baby. Ah! Ya probably don't; you're so stupid."

"I do too."

"How?"

"Well, you go to the hospital and they ask you what kind you want'n what color'n everything. And then they go in this great big room. And you have to go through locked doors and guards'n everything. They've got big 'ole lions in there, too. And then after you go down a long tunnel, then you get to the place where the kids are and you get the one ya want."

"That sounds crazy. I don't believe you, because I don't remember, and I bet you don't either."

We were getting into the thick brambles now. The thorns seemed to be anxiously waiting our arrival so

they could dig their dry and dirty claws into our pink young flesh.

My brother told me to lead, just because he knew that I didn't know where to go. Sometimes, I could have kicked him hard, really hard.

He teased me and then led the way. He always liked to lead; it made him feel big. We set the dinner down that mama had packed.

"What are you sittin' down for? Don't tell me that you stupid girls have to rest."

"We don't have to, but we're going to."

"Well, I ain't."

So, he left and went to look around. He probably wanted to shoot a bear or something without us.

When he came back, he was hungry so we had to eat. My cousin, Danny, built the fire because he was a Boy Scout. It was a nice fire. I ate, but I sure wasn't hungry. The weiners were burnt and dirty. The bread had fallen on the ground; and we had to smear the mustard with a stick. We had marshmallows for dessert. They were burnt. The girls cleaned up. I wondered if all boys were lazy and bossy. I sure hoped mama wouldn't have a creepy boy.

It was time now for all of us to go into the timbers. I dreaded being scout. Dennis called me a rookie and a rinky-dink. I called him things too, but I didn't let him hear me. Our trips were always well-organized, like an African Safari. I knew the timbers, but I hated looking for something that I was scared of. Twigs snapping and small landslides sent shivers down my spine.

Suddenly we spotted a deep pit filled shallowly with rocks. It would be my place to explore it, to kick the rocks out of place and scare up whatever was in there. The others were joking and laughing like a bunch of clowns; they made me sick. They were having fun. Why not? I was doing the dirty work! Then, they began to tease.

"What'sa matter, greenhorn?"

"Mama's little baby, mama's little baby. Wah-wah."

I felt like picking up a rock and hitting them; but I wouldn't. I was too scared to do anything.

They all seemed to hate me. I wondered why. I felt like an ugly duckling or a cinderella. I wondered if I had a fairy godmother like Cinderella did. Were these my ugly step-sisters?

Then my sister shouted, "Look behind you." It was exactly at that time that I felt something rub my ankle. I was scared and I wanted to run, but I didn't—maybe my godmother was there—instead I turned and looked down. There were some tiny baby snakes. Their eyes were still closed and their color was a pale gray. They were all curled up an' twangled together. They looked wee and harmless and most of all they looked frightened. As I looked closer, I saw that they were clean and beautiful. Why! Babies must be just like real people. I'll bet our baby wasn't going to come from any weird place. It would be alive and real. It would just be there like the baby snakes. I would have to talk to Jesus about that sometime. But now I wanted to go home and watch mama take her pills. As I slowly strolled home across the pasture, I decided that I was going to be a hermit; nobody liked me anyway. But maybe the baby would, that is, if it was going to be a girl.

Macbeth: Witches Scene



Sound and light effects: Sister Roberta, Dwayne Pagel, Leon Knauf, Damien Moster.

Narrator:
Monica
Fetsch

Formulating
witches' brew
in chemistry:
Sister Barbara,
Maurus Hacker,
Dwayne Pagel



Macbeth, the man of honor
Now, like a奴
is out of the rock and road
We go to follow the burning sun
It is a wonder and rock is
By the best of plott and

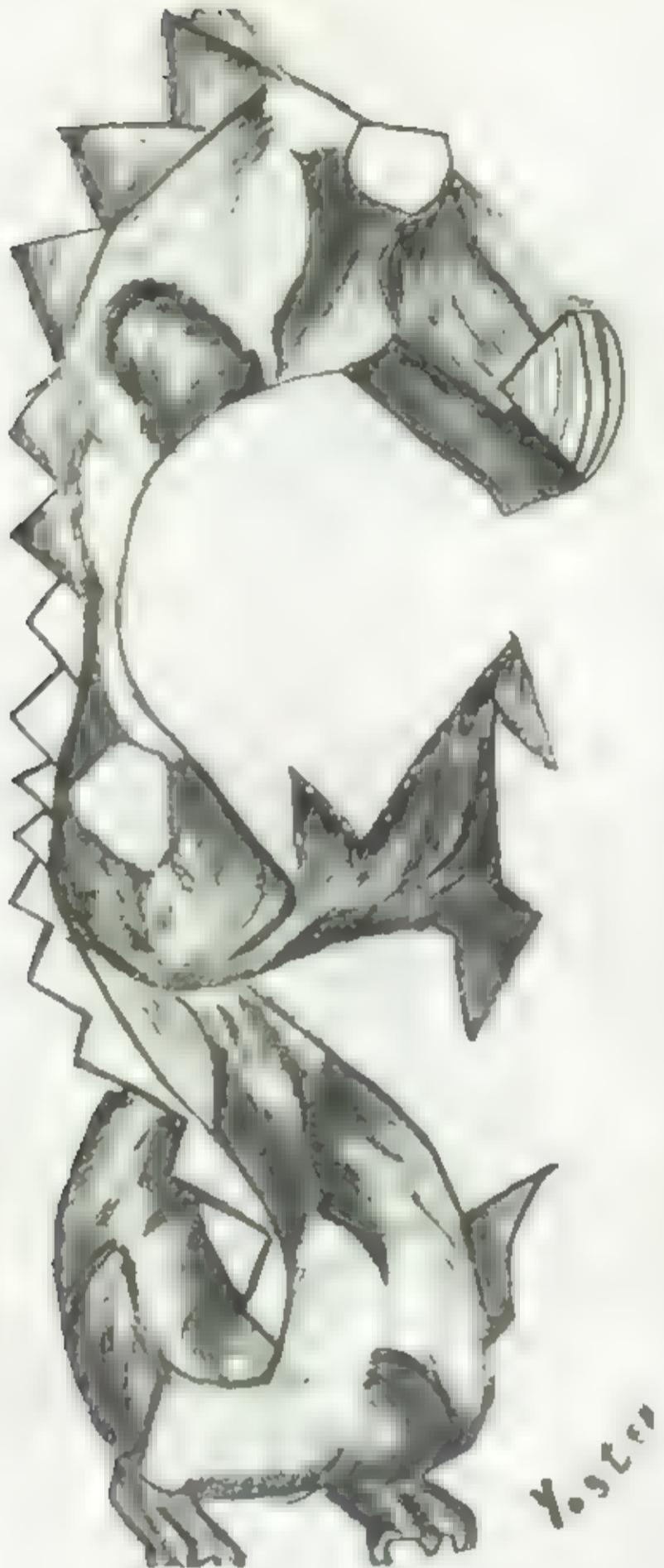
Macbeth, the young king
Duncan's castle
Reclining on a horse
As far as eye can see
A place for dreams,
A country of purple hills
And pink granite mountains,
Of green valleys and golden
meadows,
Of blue lakes and clear springs,
Renewing what Macbeth tore apart.

CLAUDE VOGEL '66

Ghosts: Janice Trubenbach, Evelyn [redacted]
Kathy Derichsweiler, Gloria Havens
Judy Dangelmayr, Patsy Hartman, Dorothy Eckart, Maurus Hacker



Macbeth: Sam Endres; Witches: Barb Schmitt, Mary Wimmer, Cindy Stoffels; Hecate: Dwayne Hess; Apparitions: Linda Hoedebeck, Marge Fuhrmann, Debbie Schilling



Trilogies Grasping Grendel Goes Modern

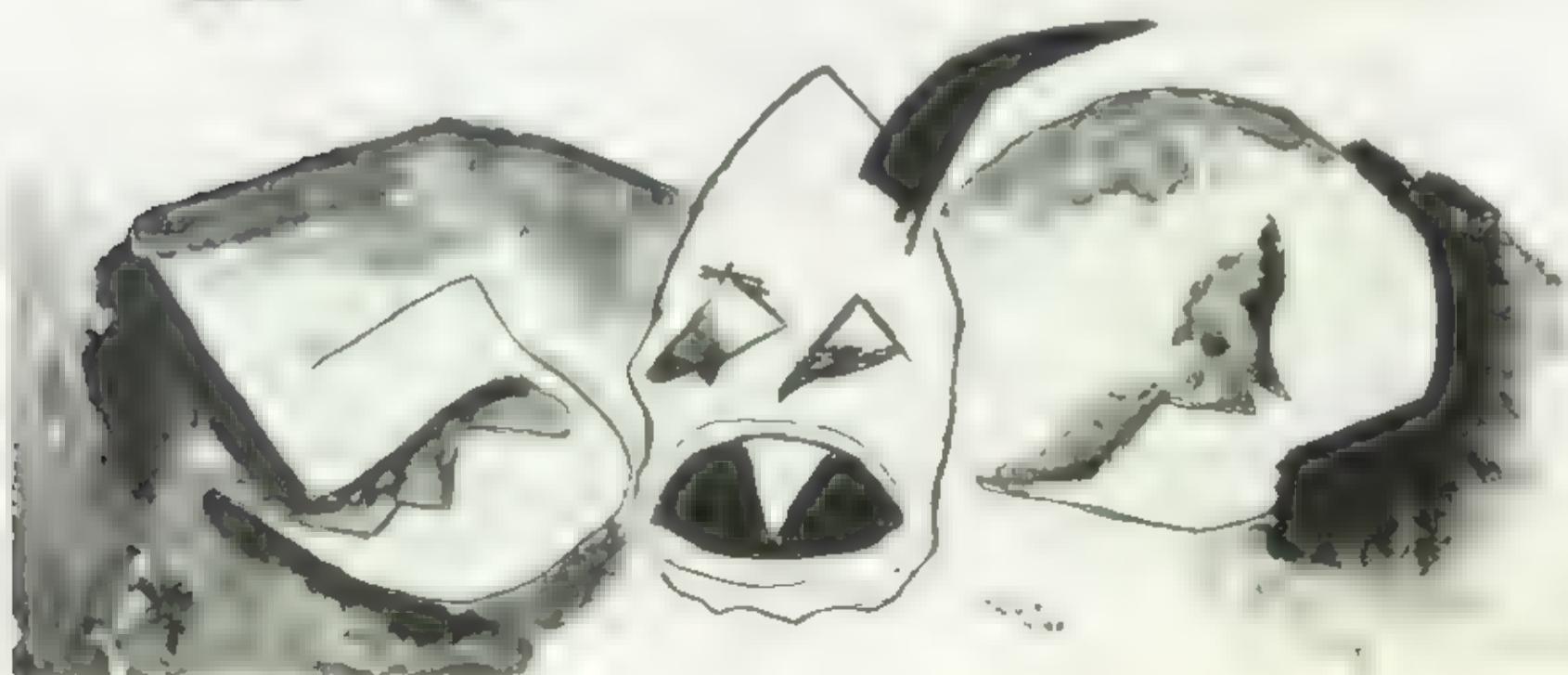
There are millions of people in the world today. Each nationality is made up of many different persons and God bestowed on each of these human beings a distinct, unique personality. No men are completely alike. They may differ in tastes, opinions, actions, and many times in all four. But no matter how much alike two people are, they will always differ in some way. This is the way God made us; this is the way it should be. So what has happened to the world today?

The "fad" and the "in" group are dominating the minds and the hearts of Americans. Individuality has been overruled by conformists, and therefore, the true individual is considered "square" or just plain "old fashioned." Today, many people risk losing (or never gaining) popularity and so-called friends by trying to be themselves. An example that I am familiar with is the teen-age girl. After talking on and on about the horrible date she has for Saturday night she learns to her amazement that half the girls in school are just "dying to catch his attention" and "how did you ever manage to get a date with him? I heard he's very choosy real up and up." Then in fifteen minutes she's convinced that she is the luckiest girl in the world.

The fad has caught on in culture, too. A person may be thrilled about going to a new play or lecture, or reading a new book, until he happens to tell someone about it. Immediately, upon receiving the "do you like that stuff?" look, the person resorts to—"It's the most boring junk, but you know how stubborn Mom is." What happened to individualism? Why can't people be themselves?

The answer is most people want to be themselves. They don't really enjoy living the life of a group member; they are just too afraid of what people will think and what people will say when they act on their own. But there are a few gold-hearted people in the world. Look around you. They're easy to spot. They are the true leaders of men.

by BLONDIE FLEITMAN



Grendel is stalking the peoples of the Twentieth Century. Glance back in history and compare the past with the present and you will see how close Grendel—disguised as materialism—has crept in stalking our souls. Yes, indeed, Grendel has crept into our midst as is evidenced by the activities of man. These activities in which man indulges during his leisure time are becoming more and more totally concerned with his immediate material benefits rather than his spiritual benefits.

Grendel's destruction is as evident as it ever was. She used to destroy men by physical violence. Now she is destroying men's souls through a subversive method. She has, and is gradually replacing Christian ideals and principles. Success is now being measured by materialistic gain. The goals of more and more activities are primarily materialistic. People are now seeking physical comfort before spiritual success. The most urgent need, that is, taking care of our souls, is being replaced by secondary materialistic needs. Grendel has stalked many of us so well that she is now at the helm of our souls and guiding us toward eternal ruin.

Grendel's purpose can be thwarted, though. How? Well, it won't be easy because Grendel has crept so carefully into our midst that many cannot see her outline as she crouches to spring. One way to combat Grendel is to begin to concentrate on material things as not an end in themselves. One way to accomplish this is to meditate on the source of all things. Tithing is another way to overcome Grendel; this time by reducing your attachment to worldly goods. The most complete way, however, that one may offset Grendel's aims is to practice the virtue of poverty by free consent. By this I mean leading a life similar to that of a religious, having a vow of poverty. Grendel is stalking us, that's for sure. Many have not recognized her for what she is. Are you one of them?

by LARRY REITER '65

The materialistic value of our life is the degree of our productiveness. The spiritual values depend on our search for truth, and the amount of real truth we achieve.

Truth is achieved through knowledge. The knowledge we attain throughout our first twelve years of formal education directs us toward the amount of material and spiritual values we shall attain throughout our lives.

Our productivity is controlled through our creativity. The usefulness of our lives in society depends on our creative ability to think, work, and achieve. The values of our material life, and more important, the spiritual value of our adult life, all stem from our education in these basic references. Education is certainly valuable when it directs our entire life's achievement.

by TOM SCHMITT '65



Seniors Say in a Utopian Home

The child is treated as a person and not just something that is there. Children must receive respect in order to give it. The child's wants are respected by his parents. The parent always listens to the child and what he or she has to say as long as the child does the speaking with due respect. ALMA BAKER

The parents share the responsibility for rearing children and make decisions together. LORIS GROWING

Children are trained to respect authority, this way when they enter school they can begin getting a really valuable education. The teachers then do not have to take the place of parents in disciplining the children. Parents and teachers agree that discipline begins in the home. EILEEN HESSE

After the day is done and everything is put in its proper place, the ~~they~~ assemblies around the statue of Our Lady and say the rosary in thanksgiving for the fruitful day. JOE DANZELMAYER

The adolescent is not permitted out more than two nights a week and never consecutively. When the adolescent does go out his parents know where he is and who he is with. CHARLES KLEMENT

My Utopian family would be a family over flowing with love. RACHEL ENDRES

School

The teachers usually gather together and talk over their problems. Then at the assembly the principal tells the students what he expects of them. If the students do not understand the principal's comments, they can ask questions. SHIRLEY VOGEL

Ideas from the student body are frequently accepted. RAY WIMMER

Teachers work with their students so that there is a mutual friendship between them and a feeling of deep respect for one another. MARILYN WALTERSHEID

The school day is from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. The teachers expect much, but try to make classes appealing. The schedule is regularly changed to stop boredom. No homework is ever assigned. JANE HESS

Extracurricular activities do not interfere with academic subjects. EILEEN HESSE

The only thing considered is the ideal adolescent life which is being at the receiving end of everything and not having to do anything to obtain it. WAYNE REITER

Students learn by tape recordings at night while asleep. The cost of an education by tape recordings may be quite high but will be economical when dealing with the impossible. LARRY REITER

After all the students have strode across the wall-to-wall carpet, having made footprints upon it, the janitor follows, wearing black slacks and a white dinner jacket, carrying a vacuum carpet beater, and goes over the rug as directed. DWAYNE SCHILLING

Nation

For the first time in the history of the country, the need to
protect the environment was acknowledged after the
floods of 1988. The new environmental laws and only 1 value
of all the departments, which the government
responsible for the new entry. Merely the
efficiency and transparency of the

After the first few days of the new system, the results were impressive. I decided to test out a few more changes. It was interesting to see what worked and what didn't. I eventually found the back of the head to be the best place to start. I also found that different positions of the head had different effects. I was able to find a few things that worked well.

1. **What is the primary purpose of the study?** To determine the relationship between the two variables.

For more information, contact the Office of the Vice President for Research and Economic Development at 319-335-1138.

For the first two terms in the sum, we can use the fact that $\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \frac{1}{n} = 0$ to show that the terms go to zero as n increases. This is a standard result in calculus, often referred to as the limit comparison test for sequences.

It is the only way to make sure that the world has force
to its side to oppose the doomsday weapons of death.

It is also possible to use the `get` method to get the `value` of a specific key.

Initiative: Its Fruits

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Gainesville Daily Register
Don Randolph, Photographer



A Cry of the Loved

“Why must you leave me,
O brother, O brother?

Why must you leave me,
O brother?”

“To search for the truth,
Dear sister, dear sister
To search for the truth,
Dear sister.”

“But will you come back,
My brother, my brother?
But will you come back,
My brother?”

“The future’s not ours,
Fair sister, fair sister.
The future’s not ours,
Fair sister.”

“Then go with my love,
Dear brother, dear brother.
Then go with my love,
Dear brother.”

“The Lord is my guide,
Loved sister, loved sister.
The Lord is my guide,
Loved sister.”

by MONICA FETCH '66

COROIS

Vol. 21, No. 2
Sacred Heart High School
Muenster, Texas

So our human life but dies
down to its root, and still
puts forth its green blade
to eternity.

Thoreau



Sabresian



Commentators



Severe

The Revised Liturgy



Sodality

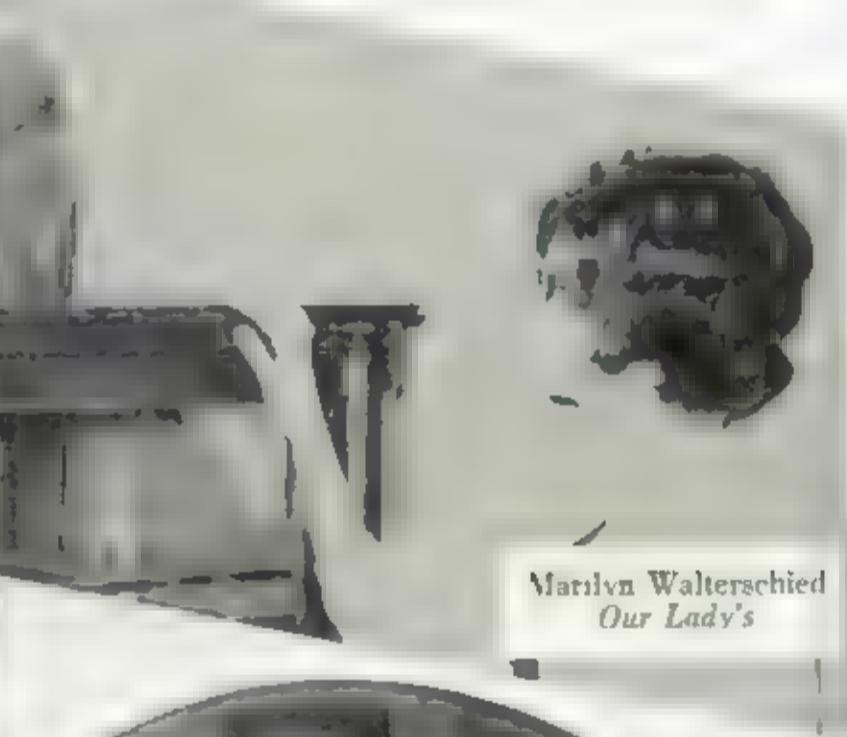
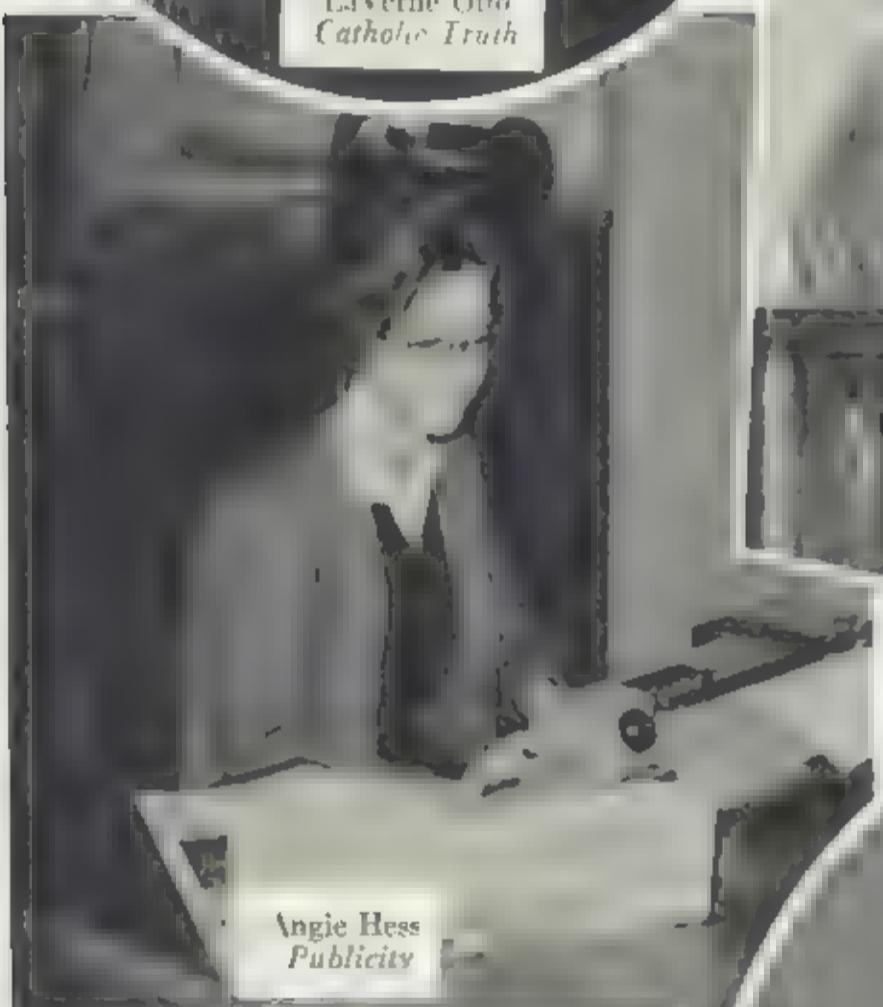


Sister Geraldine and officers
teach catechism at Nocona,
Henrietta, and Montague.



Secretary, Candy Fette; Sister Geraldine; Vice-Prefect, Rachael Endres;
Prefect, Eileen Hesse; Treasurer, Blondie Fleitman

Committee Chairmen



Shirley Vogel
Apostolic

Dolores Sicking
Eucharistic



Holy Hour and Bible Vigil



Prefect Eileen Hesse leads the Scriptural reading





Secretary
Rachael Endres
President
Blondie Fleitman
Vice President
Marilyn Walterscheid
Reporter
Angie Hess



Sodality Candidates



DAVID HOEING
Vice-President



LEON ENDRES
Secretary



LARRY HESS
Treasurer

From every corner comes happiness: the sound of work comes from Joseph's shop with a rap and a tap upon a wooden block.



SISTER M. GERALDINE, O.S.B.
Principal
Sophomore Class Sponsor



JANIE FLEITMAN
President

Sophomores



When we reach the eternal
place and gaze upon Your
countenance, will You smile
and say: "please stay"?

ANDY
KLEMENT

ANNETTE
SICKING

I am the roots
And You the soil
Within which I dwell.

"Aphorism" favorite of my Hess and Debbie. Let's say there's
been framed

CHERYL REITER

KATHY
WALTERSCHEID

A tree is like the Church in
that its branches reach out offering
shelter to the weary traveller.



Douglas Martin



Joyce Clement



Glenn Cler



Ruby Schumaker



John Sirven

As the candles are lit, the Mass begins; there the priest stands with God in his hands.

Life grows within every
living thing.



JERRY YOST

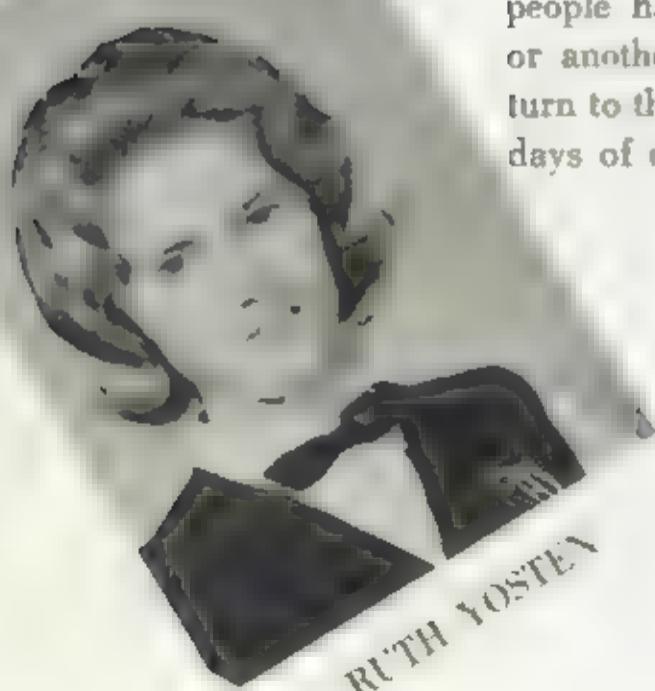


SHEILA VOTH



DEBBIE FETTE

A large percentage of people have, at one time or another, wished to return to the happy carefree days of childhood.



RUTH YOST



RAY STEWART



JOE DAVID BAYER



GLORIA REITER

Jesus,

The Light of the World
The Lamb of God
The good Shepherd.

Mary,

The Virgin of Virgins
The Mother of Christ
The spouse of Joseph.

Joseph,

The patron of workers
The foster father of Jesus
The protector of the Family.



MARY KAY LUTTMER

The setting moon and the grey dusk changing into a red-orange sky indicated that an eventful day in the history of the United States was about to begin.



BRENDA CLER

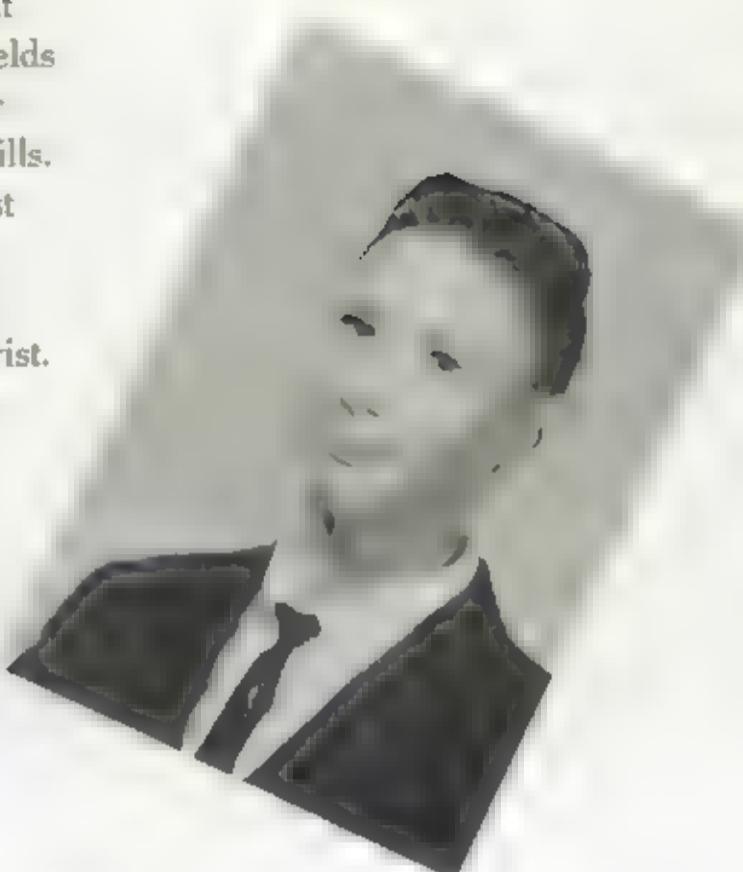


WESLEY LANDSFELD



Tall brown wheat
Waving in the fields
Snow-white flour
Ground at the mills.
A little white host
Consecration
Transformation
The Body of Christ.

MARY ELLEN ENDRES



THOMAS YOSTEN



MARY HESSE



DONALD
STOFFELS



SHEILA
HENNIGAN

Nature is beautiful; I think it
is an expression of God's infinite
love. There is nothing so perfect as
a flower, a running stream, or even
a simple rock.



DIANNE GEHRIG

You know that love is greater than strength; the goal of love is not far beyond so inspire yourself to climb upward to the goal.



GLORIA GIEB

Much, much later I started to arouse from a deep slumber; I found myself in a hazy light like that of an early dawn.



DIANN FELDERHOFF



JANIE KNAUF

The brilliant orange sun had transversed across the sky and was now creeping toward the western horizon and oblivion.



TED ENDRES



LINDA ZIMMERER

A tree is a symbol of the Church, the Mystical Body. The overflowing sap from the main branch is like the endless flow of grace from God. But then comes the lumberjack and cuts off a twig. Satan destroyed another soul, and all the members rush to its aid nursing it to recovery.

Basketball



Coach Walter Wolf and Girls Starting Team

Debbie Schilling, Mary Kroe, Priscilla Fenton, Lynne Ott, Barbara Schmitz, Mary Wenzel
and Coach Walter Wolf.

Tigerettes



BOTTOM ROW: Olma Haverkamp, Evelyn Hess, Debbie Sicking, Paulette Endres and Mary Kay Luttmers.

MIDDLE ROW: Patsy Hartman, Pauline Etchman, Mary Knabe, Mary Wimmer, Garry Denebweiler, and Annette Sicking.

TOP ROW: Judy Dangelmayer, Angie Hess, Jane Hess, La Verne Otto, Barbara Schmitt, Margie Fuhrmann, and Janice Trubenbach.



ANGIE HESS



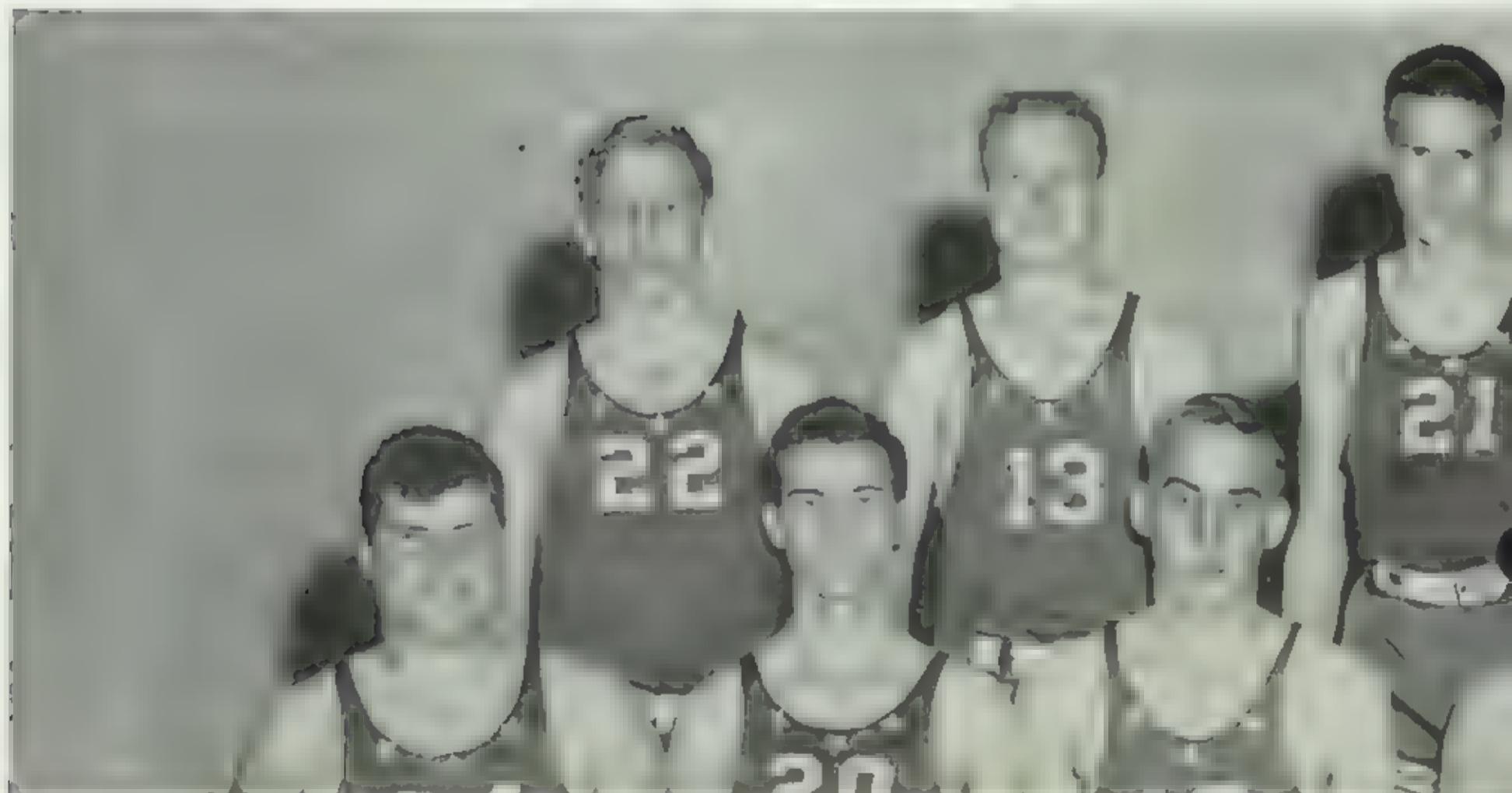
JANE HESS

BOTTOM ROW Ruby Schumaker, Debbie Fette, Donna Stoffels, Dianne Gelting, Laurie Truetenbach, Cheryl Reiter, Joyce Klement, and Anne Landsfeld.

TOP ROW Mary Ellen Endres, Joyce Schmitt, Janie Flatman, Kathy Walterschmidt, Linda Zimmerman, Linda Rohmer, Charlene Wimmer, and Gloria Gieb.



Tigers

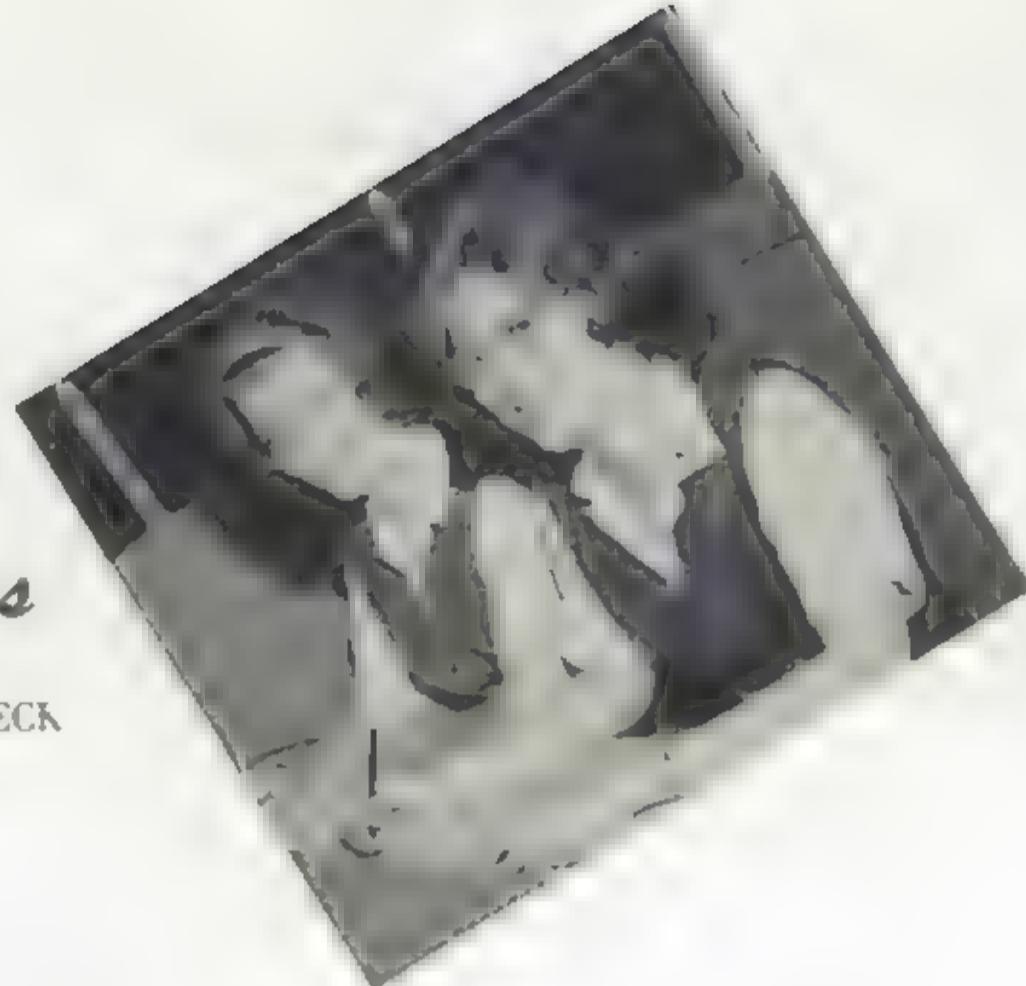


BOTTOM ROW: Edr. Stein, Ed Francis, Danny Hoenig, Larry Hess, Ray Wimmer, Steve Kralack, and Leon Endres.

TOP ROW: David Hess, Wm. Wimmer, Gilbert Hess, Dwayne Hess, Steve Hess, and Stanley Endres.

Starters:

DAVID HESS
DANNY HOENIG
RAY WIMMER
LARRY HESS
STEVE KRALICKE



Scorekeepers

LINDA KAY HOEDEBECK
ELIZABETH KNABE



A Tribute to T. S. Eliot

CANDY HULL

The evening of April 14, 1965, a great loss of talent and friend. On that night death snatched another of our treasures, T. S. Eliot, died here in St. Louis, Missouri, at the age of 70. Postscript: ²⁰⁰⁵ Eliot spent the last ten years of his life in St. Louis. He then entered Harvard University where he taught literature.

Though Eliot was a native-born American citizen, he was not a citizen of the commonwealth of England in either birthright or accent and citizenship. But in 1914, when the Commonwealth of Australia was added, he became a subject of the crown. It was not until 1946 that the sensitive poet was admitted an outstanding playwright as well. His play *Murder in the Cathedral*, was selected to be intended for a festival of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral. Of course, in my works this play will undoubtedly have a place in the hearts of all of us who have learnt from Sacred Heart.

The play was performed last night by Dr. Walter Verhoeven's College students at U.C.L. The character of Becket was so realistically portrayed that I must admit him to be an articulated play. Eliot used an ancient Greek example, the women's voices whose three voices helped to keep the predominant and dominant mood of fear and emotion. The set was very simple in its arrangement with very few props including the altar and the Tabernacle. The curtains too were present in the simplest design. *Murder in the Cathedral* was always a favorite and the most popular of T. S. Eliot's plays.

Students Comment:

on the stage

Although simple, added much to the excellence of the play.

MARILYN WALTERSCHIED

The stage looked so real—a cathedral.

COTTON HES

The scenery was good—inspired, but simple.

DANNY WILDE

on the play's theme

Having the two other players be the murderers was an excellent idea. It formed a mental connection between the various forces opposing Thomas and gave them more emphasis.

DONALD ROHMER

The fact that the knights had been drinking and that they really had no argument brought comic relief from the tension brought on by the murder.

BLONDIE FLEITMAN

on audience participation

During the Archbishop's speech, the audience was not just an audience, but his own creation.

BLONDIE FLEITMAN

The last scene was performed sincerely and with such deep meaning that I really thought I was an eye-witness to the death of Thomas à Becket.

CINDY ST

When the actors came in from the audience, it made you feel as if you were a part of the play.

RACHAEL ENDRES

INSIGHT

DONALD STOFFELS

on the actors

Blondie Flettman

Marcia Cler

but also for the education and culture it gave me.

JANICE YOSTEN

on the actors

Great that the characters in this play had just been made for their parts.

LINDA TEMPLE

Becket was murdered and lying on the stage. No one James Cagney didn't break a bone.

BLONDIE FLEITMAN

on the Women's Chorus

Women's chorus singing both in falsetto and in soprano, very low, low, and high, carried very well.

MARGIE FUHRMANN

It was interesting to see the point of view of the women.

MARY KELLY

ANITA TAYLOR

DONALD ROHMER

McLemores

on lighting

The light and shadows made you feel you were in the cathedral with them.

ALMA HERR

The lighting was very appropriate, as when the Archbishop was lying dead by the altar, there was red light shining upon him, reminding you of blood.

MARCIA CLER



And This Is Love?

What is the head of a girl? What does it consist of? What goes on in it? What keeps it running? When God created the head for Eve He must have finished it in a hurry, for only God could truly answer these questions. The head of a girl is the wondrous protrusion perched on and between her shoulders. It consists of the five so-called senses. It is hard to understand when these passages are working. Sometimes they are just so stubborn that you can't get through to them. The mouth of the head I think is what keeps the heart beating, and thus the brain can function. The brain consists of voluntary and involuntary nerves. The voluntary nerves work very slowly so as to attract attention. The involuntary nerves work as fast as the blinking of an eyelash. God created it in a hurry, but He put a good finish on it.

DAVID HESS



This Is Love

AS I WAS READING "MELT" A GREAT DRAAMA OF LOVE, IT ASSURED ME A GREAT APPRECIATION FOR TRUE LOVE. I FOUND LOVE TO BE ONE OF THE THEMES IN SHAKESPEARE. HE SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROMANTIC LOVE, AS EXPRESSED BY THE CAVALIER WRITERS, AND TRUE LOVE AS EXPRESSED IN SO MANY OF HIS WORKS.

Judy Dangelmaier

The Tragedy of Hamlet was written by William Shakespeare. In this masterpiece we can truly see that one of the requirements for true love is absent. Throughout the entire play, we can see that Hamlet and Ophelia do not have true love for each other. The lovers lack mutual loyalty.

Ophelia isn't loyal to her supposed lover, Hamlet. When questioned by Polonius, her father, she replied concerning Hamlet, "My lord, he hath importuned me with love in a meretricious fashion." Her father told her not to believe Hamlet because his vows were untrue. Ophelia replied, "I shall obey, my lord."

Later in the play, Polonius proposed a plan and Ophelia worked with him completely. Ophelia was planted in Hamlet's path while the king and Polonius hid themselves, and observed the couple. In their discourse, Hamlet denied that he had given gifts to Ophelia, and told her that he did not love her. Hamlet spoke roughly to Ophelia, "Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?" Ophelia told him, "At home, my lord." Ophelia knew that her father was close by, and listening to their conversation. Yet she lied to Hamlet, whom she supposedly loved.

It is also clearly seen that Hamlet did not make his love for Ophelia true. When Hamlet was sent to England by the king, he did not speak with Ophelia before he left the country. This does not sound like the action of true lovers. True lovers would have acted very differently.

After Polonius' death, Hamlet did not tell his confidantes to Ophelia. Polonius was Ophelia's father, and Hamlet must have known that they loved each other. Yet he said nothing to Ophelia of her father's death.

Hamlet's appearance at Ophelia's grave was both melodramatic and superficial. Hamlet told the spectators, "I loved Ophelia. Few or mortal brothers could, with all their puny love, make up her sum." This speech was certainly astounding to the people and to the readers. Considering the way Hamlet reacted in the past with Ophelia, this speech shows Hamlet's lack of true love. Hamlet had practically ignored Ophelia until this sudden outburst at her grave.

The readers can see that Ophelia's insanity was indirectly caused by Hamlet's actions. Never in the course of the play did Hamlet admit that he had indirectly caused Ophelia's death. Hamlet couldn't have really loved Ophelia. It is true that in Act V, Hamlet would have blamed himself for his death, or at least acknowledged his part in the tragedy.

We can then see, in the characters, Hamlet and Ophelia, that there was a great absence of loyalty. Because of the absence of loyalty, true love didn't exist. This is true, and can often be seen in modern life. It is completely impossible for true love to exist without genuine loyalty between the persons. I am sure that this theme has helped make *Hamlet* the great masterpiece that it is.

Gloria Haverkamp

My personal interpretation of Macduff is a man who loves, protects, and defends his family. Macduff left his family in order to return and help his country. His love for his family was very questionable during parts of the play. Lady Macduff said:

Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch...
All is the fear and nothing is the love.

When the wife leaves to meet the husband, it shows that she is and has faced misfortune. The way Macduff runs off and cuts his wife off just ~~remains~~ especially during time of war. I think it was the most unmanly thing Macduff did. When Ross told Lady Macduff she must have patience with her husband, she replied:

He had none:
His flight was madness; when our actions do not.
Our fears do make us traitors.

I think a husband's first reaction in time of war should be to see that his wife is protected and out of danger. I ran the other way. No, Macduff was not just in leaving his family, he shirked off his responsibilities. With marriage there are duties a man must face. When you are separated from someone you love you grow apart.

Angie Hess

Before we go on to ~~discuss~~ whether Macduff was guilty of neglecting his family we will discuss some other related facts.

First, for what is loyalty? According to the *Merriam-Webster* it is an obligation to act along a certain

re. I concur. A duty is the result of a privilege. Some duties are the results of more important privileges and therefore precede others. This is why duties to God have precedence over others. In line of precedence, duties to one's country are next. Sometimes a situation results in which certain duties must be neglected in favor of more important ones.

Back to Macduff again. Why should he leave Scotland hastily? There were two possible motives for leaving hastily. One motive could have been fear for his safety. The other motive could have been the urgency of some matter. We know that it is not fear for his safety which caused him to leave. *A letter* clearly states Macduff's motive for leaving when he says,

Thither (to England) Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives

Proof that Macduff did not leave hastily because of fear is the fact that he openly defied the threat to his life, Macbeth. He defied Macbeth when he refused to attend the coronation at Scone and when he refused to go to a banquet to which he was invited. Since his motive for leaving hastily was not fear, then it must have been the other motive—urgency due to the dire need of his country.

Now, was Macduff guilty of neglecting his family? We have already established his primary motive for leaving Scotland hastily. True, he didn't provide for his family in any way, but is he guilty of sinful neglect? Haste was the ultimate cause of his neglect. His haste was justified though, because his country depended on his being able to teach England and Malcolm. Every moment he tarried resulted in greater destruction to his homeland by the tyrant, Macbeth. But there is another question which raises its ugly head and casts a shadow on Macduff. Was he pressed so hard that he did not have time for his other duties? Or did he just neglect them? Two facts which tend to disprove this are his great love for his family, and his character. His love comes out quite clearly in the lines in which he expresses his grief and answers Malcolm's request for revenge.

I shall do so (avenge their deaths);
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Ross, a minor character in the play, gives testimony to Macduff's character:

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.

So in summation I might say that it was the duty to his country taking precedence over his duty to his family, and not criminal neglect, which caused him to leave his family without providing for them.

Larry Reiter



Seniors, Janie Hess, Tom Schmitt, Danny Hoenig give their impression of *Ben Casey*.



The Sophomore group, David Hoenig, Leon Endres, Janie Fleitman, and Debbie Fette give an active presentation of *Gun-smoke*.

Christmas Party

Extemp Skits



Doctor Kildare is enacted by the Juniors, Dwayne Hess, Candy Fette, Willie Wimmer, and Margie Furhman.

Texas Hillbillies, Donna Stoffels, Ann Lansfield, Stanley Endres, and Steve Yosten, portray the *Beverly Hillbillies*.





Merry Christmas and many happy returns.



Gosh! you're big.

I Liked:

the costumes that showed what kind of person each individual was. MONICA FETSCH '66

the action involved in changing scenes.
DIANN FELDFRHOFF '67

the Artful Dodger. JANIE FLEITMAN '67

Fagin gloating over his box of jewels.
MARY ELLEN ENDRES '67



I'm only sorry the whole class did not go.
STEVEN YOSTEN '68



It was worth
every penny I
spent to see
it.

RUTH
YOSTEN '67

Oliver was the
most colorful
play I have ever
seen

JOE DAVID
BAYER '67

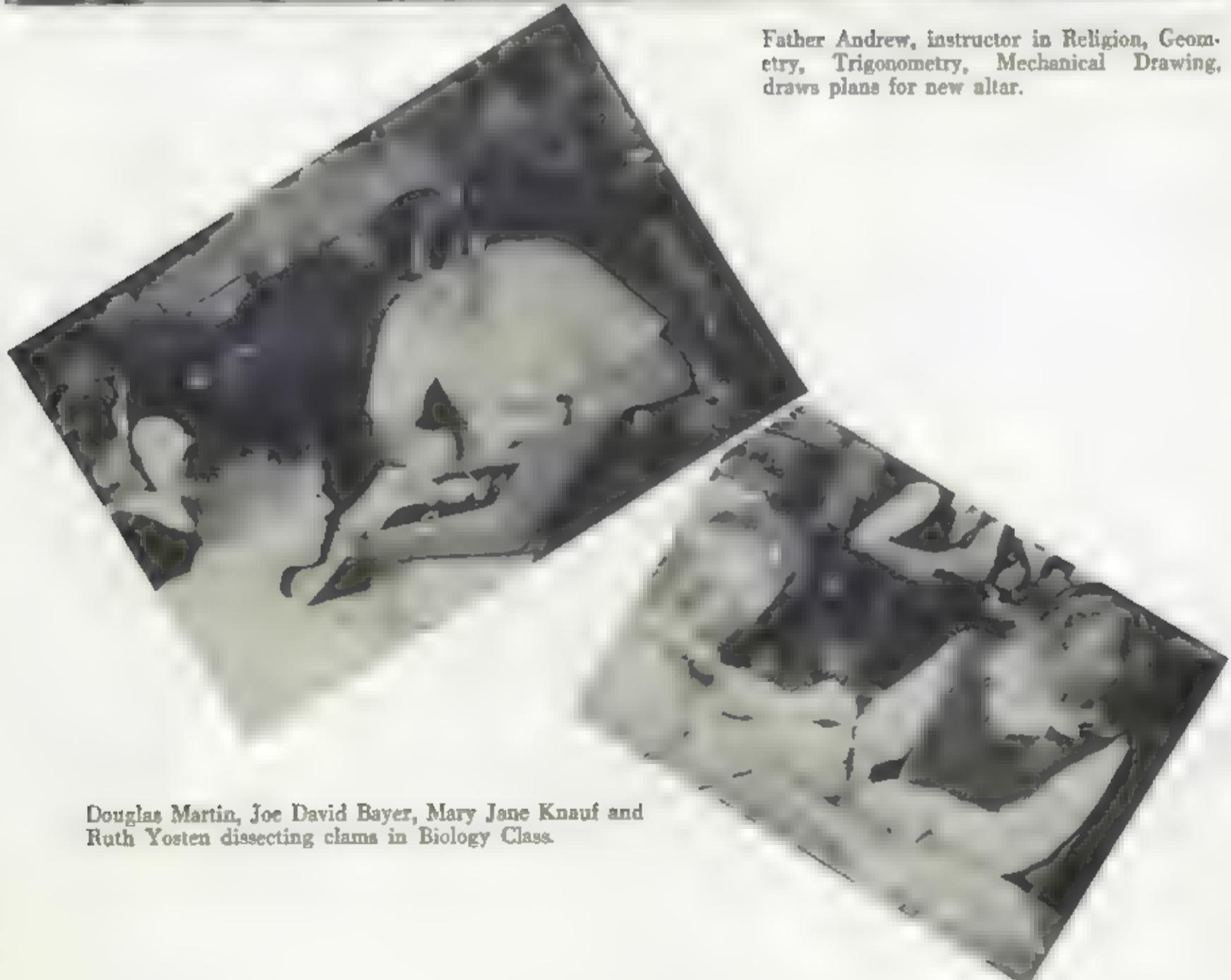
The lighting made the stage night
or day at the flick of a switch.
MONA VOTH '68



I enjoyed *Oliver* so
much that I could
find nothing that I
did not like.
DEBBIE FETTE '67



Father Andrew, instructor in Religion, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mechanical Drawing, draws plans for new altar.



Douglas Martin, Joe David Bayer, Mary Jane Knauf and Ruth Yosten dissecting clams in Biology Class.

Growing With Our Community

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Gainesville Daily Register
Don Randolph, Photographer



Seniors Comment on Class Choice:

Lord of the Flies

is not simply an adventure story about boys alone on an island. It is a novel which reveals the connection between the innocent surface and the barbaric depths of the human being. Slowly and by degrees the boys lose all sense of obedience, responsibility, and especially charity. They begin to act on their uncontrolled emotions and soon become oblivious to the savagery in their killings. However, this story is not completely pessimistic in its outlook. Two of the boys remain intent on staying civilized; each realizes either the outcome or the reason for the degeneration they are witnessing.

Ralph, who represents a type of salvation, admits that he sees the source of downfall in themselves. "I'm frightened. Of us. I want to go home. Oh, God, I want to go home."

Simon actually meets the problem face to face when he interviews the pig's head on a stick. "Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!" said the head. "You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? I'm the reason why it's no go!" Throughout the novel Simon is portrayed as a mystic who believes that despite its seeming improbability, some of the boys will be saved. I think that the character of Simon is meant to be a portrayal of Christ. He was the only one who was brave enough to discover what the monster on the mountain really was. And while trying to tell the others he was deliberately mistaken for the beast and murdered. The sacrifice of Simon's life freed the others from the beast which taunted them. His suffering was in a sense their redemption.

Although some readers may think *Lord of the Flies* is pessimistic in its outlook I believe that through Simon, and even Ralph, an optimistic view of life in the Christian sense is shown.

Blondie Fleitman

This book was the finest example of horror and fear that I have ever read. The most significant and frightening thing of all was the character changes—the speed with which the boys lost their civilization and then too easily regained it at the end. The theme—that civilization is just a thin and transparent film which covers dark and savage thoughts, and that this covering can be easily dissolved, especially in young people—was emphasized by this swiftness.

There was a great deal of symbolism in this satire on modern civilization. Throughout the book the appointed chief, Ralph, seemed to represent a person like John the Baptist, who kept crying out in the darkness for a light. They both believed that salvation was near and they tried to convince others so that they, too, could be saved. Also, John the Baptist was beheaded, and that is the means of death planned for Ralph by Jack and his hunters. However the saint did suffer death by this means, while Ralph was "saved" in the nick of time by a British officer. Can we truly say he was saved when the person who saved him was a part of the planned destruction called war? These English boys had gone back to a primitive savagery while the rest of the world was in a state of so-called civilization, which is actually just repressed savagery. Could Golding have been saying in this book that we are running headlong to destruction?

Danny Wilde



KEEP OUT

DO NOT

ENTER

HERE

Vol. 21, No. 3
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Sacred Heart High School
Muenster, Texas

Rain

Farmer's dull eyes shine
Seeing the black clouds blow in
Soaking the cracked earth.

MONICA FETSCH

Resurrection

Christ is crucified,
The tomb is closed forever.
Let the earth open.

BRENDA CLER

Bees

Buzzing small creatures
Searching for delicious things
Bringing them somewhere.

DIANNE GEHRIG

Gone?

Gone a falling star
Hurtling from the highest height
Dark emptiness there

MARY HESS

Haiku is a Japanese verse form requiring objectivity and concrete images in only three lines of five, seven, and five syllables.

These are the products of S.H. student efforts to express in sensitive Oriental lines concise word pictures having overtones which evoke the emotions of the reader.

Summer

Sunburns and chiggers,

Brown faces, crabgrass, ants, dust

Simply wonderful.

GLORIA HAVERKAMP



Water

Water: deep, dark, murk,

Under-water creatures lurk-

Christ walked on water.

LARRY HESS



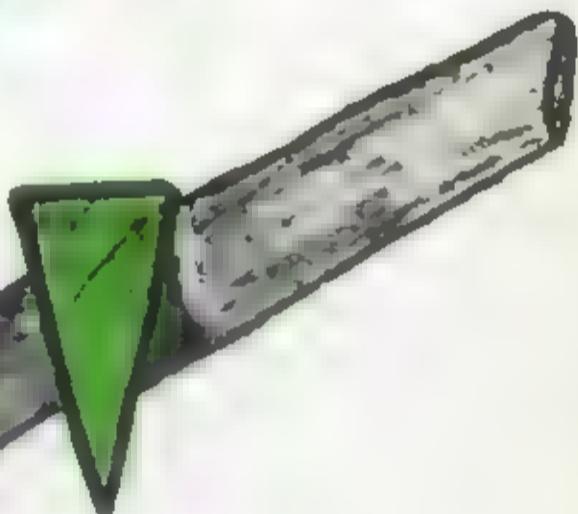
Transformation

Wheat field and vineyard,

The mellow, ripening sun-

Body, Blood Divine.

JANIE KNAUF





SISTER M. ROBERTA, O.S.B.
Junior Class Sponsor
Religion III, IV
English III, IV
Art I, II

I think the Offertory procession should be introduced in the parish. This would give the people a larger part in the holy ceremony — actually presenting the offering.

Juniors



GLORIA
HAVERKAMP



SAMMY ENDRES
President



PAULETTE ENDRES

When I go to Mass now I feel like I am really partaking in the holy Sacrifice. I do not just read out of the missal and never pay any attention to what the priest is doing. Rather, with the priest facing me, I can see what he is doing and really know what is happening.



CANDACE FETTE
Vice-President

The reading in the vernacular of the Introit, Preface, Epistle, and Gospel surely strengthens one's faith. As well as being acts of worship, they are also beautiful works of art. The beauty of these readings can now be heard and appreciated by the entire congregation.



PATSY HARTMAN



RUDY KOESLER
Secretary



DEBORAH SCHILLING
Treasurer

Some changes which I hope are still to come are having more of the liturgical prayers in English, and permission for the laity to play a greater role in the Church.

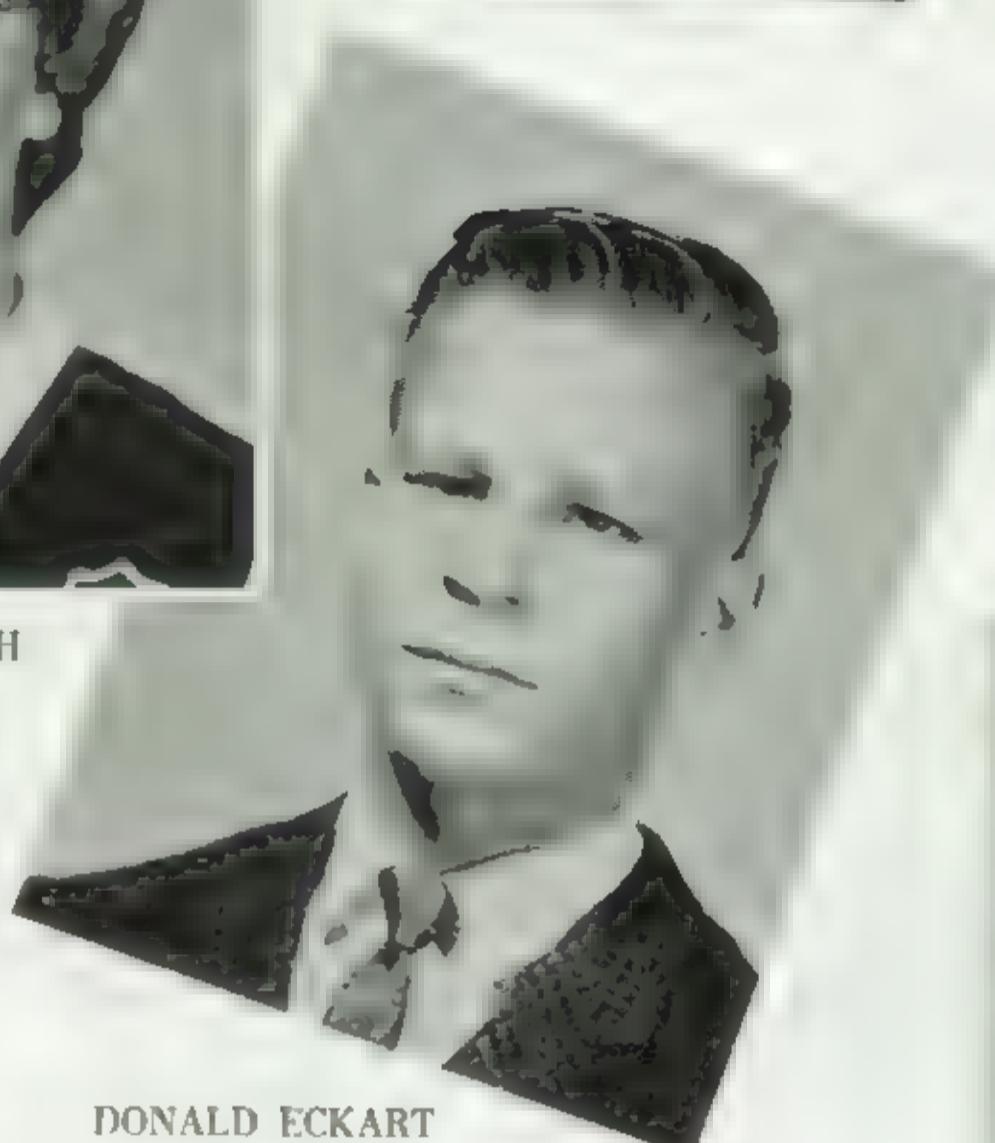


BARBARA SCHMITT



MONICA FETSCH

In today's progressive world, machines are taking over jobs that used to be done by hand. In the highly industrialized America of tomorrow, today's education will be vitally important.



DONALD ECKART



Creativity is the ability to put one's own unique ideas to work for the betterment of mankind.



CAROL PELS

Truth is having the ability to face reality.



MONICA BECKER



DAMIEN MOSTER

education



MAURUS HACKER



MARY KNABE

Truth is being brave enough to face life.



DALE HOFBAUER

MARGIE FUHRMANN





MARY WIMMER

The acting was tremendous, and the colors were so bright and lively. It was unbelievable how the voices of the actors carried so clearly throughout the large auditorium.



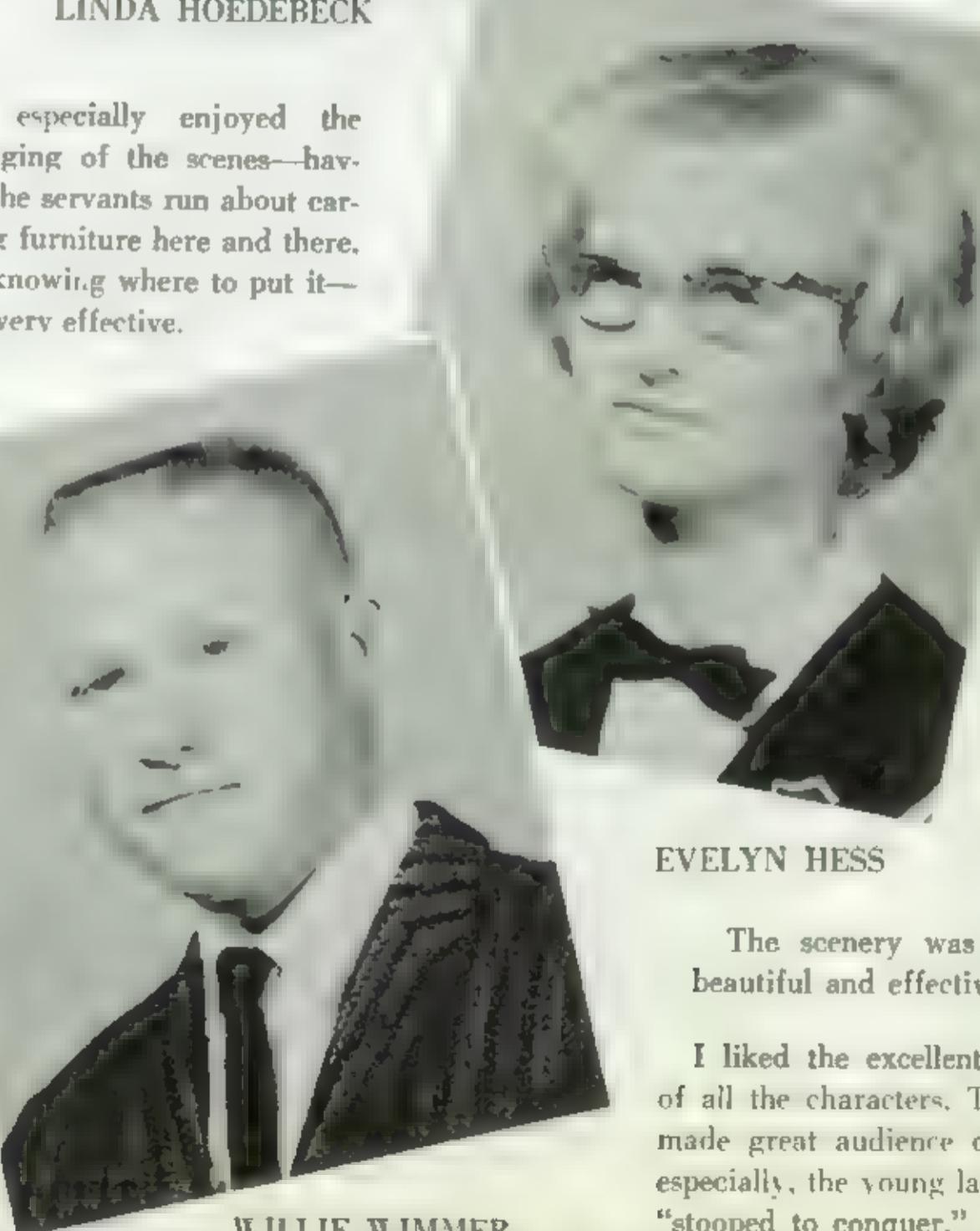
LINDA TEMPEL

The actors vividly portrayed 19 century life in the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*.



LINDA HOEDEBECK

I especially enjoyed the changing of the scenes—having the servants run about carrying furniture here and there, not knowing where to put it—was very effective.



WILLIE WIMMER

EVELYN HESS

The scenery was very beautiful and effective.

I liked the excellent acting of all the characters. They all made great audience contact especially, the young lady who "stooped to conquer."

Sister M. Barbara
William Walsh
Signe Hasso
Sister M. Geraldine



JANICE
TRUBENBACH

She Stoops to Conquer was the most fascinating play that I have ever seen.



LEON KNAUF

She Stoops to Conquer was exceptionally interesting. The plot held my attention and the characters handled each scene with professional finesse.



DWAYNE PAGEL

High school is attending educational, social, and athletic functions.

High school is a mind-building gymnasium where a person lifts the weights of knowledge in order to build up his mental physique. Thus, education is to the future of our nation as gasoline is to an automobile: you just aren't going anywhere without it.



KATHY DERICHSWEILER

High school is a *kindergarten* to a college education.

STEVE KRALICKE



A "junior" discussi



JUDY DANGELMAYR

High school is a place where you either learn something or flunk.



carried on in the hall way

High school is a place where you find yourself.



CLAUDE VOGEL

High school is the preface to one's future success



DWAYNE HESS



"The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application."

—Hazlitt

CYNTHIA STOFFELS

"When I speak of knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses, something which takes a view of things, which sees more than the senses convey: which reasons upon what it sees, and while it sees; which invests it with an idea."

—Newman



"No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main."

—Donne

JANICE YOSTEN



PAULINE FLEITMAN

"A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats
So wild, so deep in us—to know
Whence our lives come and where thy go."

—Arnold



ELIZABETH KNABE



"—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better
after death.

—Elizabeth Browning

University of Dallas
6th Annual High School
Art Show



DANNY YOSTEN
honorable mention
"Frightened Deer"



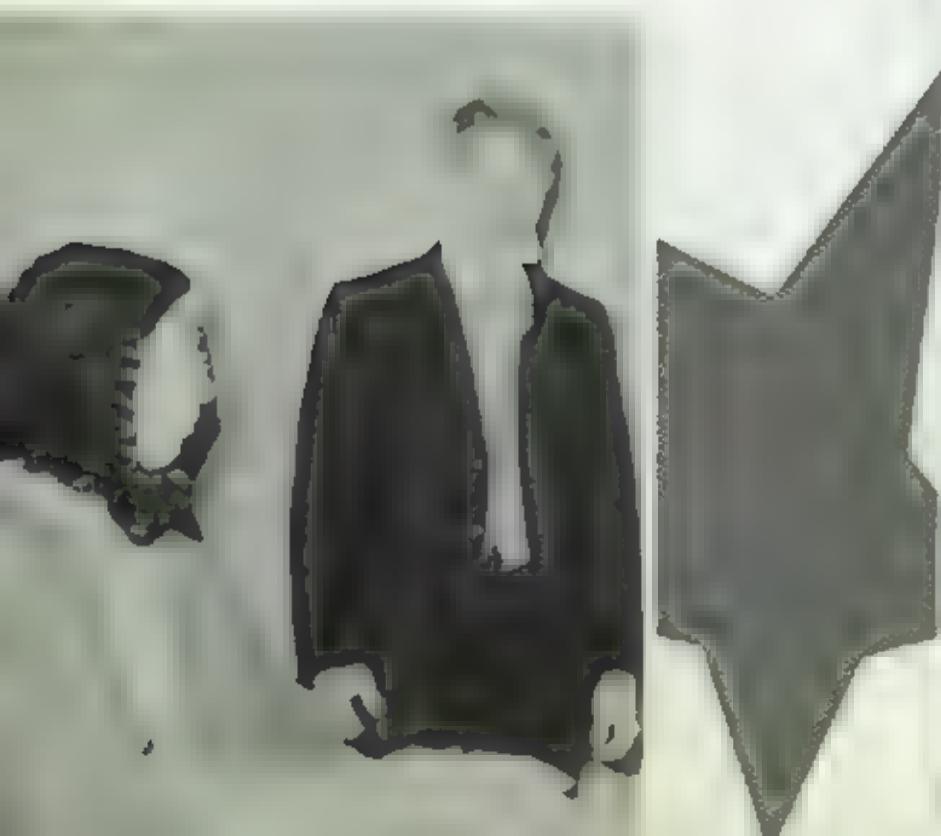
S. H. art students and interested parents
proudly view their entries and admire other
selected works.

BARB SCHMITT
"Treehouse"

Junior play — Around the World in Eighty Days —



Honor



Work

Bewilderment



*Fame
and Fun.*



Retreat

This was my first time at bat, since the school year of 1964-65 is my first year to attend a Catholic high school. What did I observe of the retreat as a rookie? I found three classes. The first was first-class in the eyes of God, because they approached the retreat with a double determination: both giving up and taking on something. By doing both they were able to obtain the full benefit that the retreat had to offer. These people were the strongest in will but, sadly, weakest in number.

The second class was the in-between class. They went only halfway. These people are the black sheep. They are not bad or good. They are just blah. These students were the least in sense of direction and largest in population.

The third class just flat didn't have a thing to do with the retreat. To them it meant sore knees, dismissal from classes and an occasional good joke from the retreat master which was enjoyed if they were awake at the time. The third class is the feeblest. They are the people who are in trouble when life offers them a choice. This life is a game. The retreat was a play of the game and in the retreat we had a chance to get a base on balls or to strike out. Some walked, some swung a couple of times and sat down, and some struck out. The score depends on the player.

STEVE KRALICKE





Senior boys show their desire to set a good example to underclassmen by conducting a Bible Vigil—something new in our school.



Sodality Reception



You two look like
you've been snitching.

Mrs. Fleitman, Mrs. Hert,
Mrs. Endres and Mrs. Hease
prepare the breakfast while
faculty await the feast



Freshmen and soph-
omores make their
promises and smile





Eileen Hesse
Crowns
Mary
Queen of
May



BARBARA SCHMITT and PAULINE FLEITMAN admire their trophies



DAVID HESS receives award for most valuable football player

DANNY HOENIG for most valuable basketball player.



TIGER BAT BOYS, Ray Stewart, Doug Martin, Steve Hess, Maurice Harker, Joe Bayer, Andy Klement, Dwayne Hess, Melvin Koelzer, David Hoenig, Stanley Endres, Dave Hess, Tom Schmitt, Dan Wilde, Ted Endres, Gilbert Hess, Leon Endres, John Streng, Willie Wimmer, Sam Endres, Dan Hoenig and Dale Hofbauer.





Sports Awards

FIRST YEAR
SWEATERS



SECOND YEAR
JACKETS



SENIORS RECEIVE
BLANKETS

Speech Tournaments: A New Frontier



Mrs. Ruth Felderhoff, coach, and seniors at work
on **PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD**

Drama students competed for recognition and
reached the finals at Nolan

Spectators: Sister Barbara, Jerry Yosten, Leon
Endres

Jeannit



Nolan



Janie Fleitman's dramatic interpretation
THE TELEPHONE CALL

Seniors



and Tony Otto





*demonstrate their courage and
acting ability as they present . . .*



*Tom
Jones*



"I think I'll be uprooting them and growing them down. There ain't one thing in this world I can do about folks except laugh, so I'll just join the others and laugh my head off."

"You got it backwards, Dill," said Jem. "Cleaver, we end, we'll like that laughing them."

from Harper Lee's TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD





FATHER BRUNO FUHRMANN, O.S.B.
Assistant Superintendent

MR.

EXH
WORL

Teachme

SISTER M.
RICHARD,
O.S.B.
English I



1000



EDERHOFF
try
mercial

JOH
AR I

3

4

Around Our Town

BRONZE

The Automotive Shop
B & B Furniture
B & B Sales
Babcock Brothers
Bavarian Woodcarvers
Big-A Drive-In
Bill's Liquor
Broadway Drive-In
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Couch Oil Co.
Curtwood Restaurant
Dan Luke Propane & Butane

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Forrest Gregg's Sporting Goods
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Gainesville National Bank
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Hennigan Auto Parts
Ray Hess Well Service
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Temple Pharmacy
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Tom & Jerry's Barber Shop
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Johnny Wolf's Gulf

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Hess Furniture Co.
Hoedebeck Garage
Hofbauer's Food & Locker
Kaden the Florist
Ken Blanton Insurance Agency
Koelzer Service
Koesler's Jewelry & Watch Repair
The Manhattan Clothiers
Marquise Studio
M & W Oil Field Supply Co.
Miller Enco



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Muenster Milling Co.
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Muenster State Bank
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North Texas Prod. Assoc.
Pagel's Store
Tuggle Motor Co.
Vernie Keel Funeral Home
Waples Painter Co.
White's Auto Store
Wilde Chevrolet
Yosten Sand & Gravel
Dr. Kralicke
Dr. Kejduk

Growing Brothers

Colonial Acres

Compliments of a
Friend

PARTS



Texas

Land of bluebonnets and mockingbirds, TEXAS!
Steel towers, black, life-giving arteries.
Endless miles, yellow haze, bread.
Blossoms, nocturnal flighted scents, fruit.
Plaintive, moon-lined shows, dying campfire, meat.

Land of diverse topographical features, TEXAS!
Treeless horizons, clear, blue ceilings.
Proud, tree-ladened summits, shy, wild fauna.
Noonday zenith, twilight coolness, spiny plants.
Nautical homes, salt-washed wharves, moonlit Gulf.

Land of warm and friendly people, TEXAS!
Wrinkled face, boots, horse, Howdy!
Pressed suit, officed skyscrapers, Good Morning!
Pine forests, heavy-handled ax, Timber!
Tile roofs, siestas, tamales, i Hola!

TEXAS "THE" STATE

JANIE KNAUF

CURDIS



Vol. 21, No. 4
A Pictorial-Literary
Publication
Sacred Heart High School
Muenster, Texas

joyce klement



Tribute

Our senior year
would not be complete
without an expression
of gratitude to our
Pastor, Reverend
Alcuin Kabis, O.S.B.



Dedication
To Mr. Adam Wolf
Former Teacher
Principal
and Coach

A grateful
student body wishes
you success and happiness.





Larry Reiter

*Valedictorian
Vice-President*

Cordis Editor 4
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4
LYC President 4
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
CYC Delegate 2
S. d. J. v. 2, 3, 4
S. d. J. v. 1, 2, 3, 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
Cheerleader 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Basketball 2, 3
Letterman 3
G. H. T. v. 3, 4
T. H. G. v. 2, 3
Class Officer 1, 2, 3
Class Favorite 2
French Medal 4
Most Likely To Succeed 4
Miss Sacred Heart 4

Highest Average Medal 1, 2, 3
Balfour Award 1
Latin Medal 2
English Medal 3
Class Officer 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Commentator 4
CDA Poetry Award 2, 4
Most Likely to Succeed 4
Most Studious 4
Bus Driver 4



Teresa Fleitman

200 1898.





Imp. in U.S.A.

Reiter

Sister M. Barbara, O.S.B.

Senior Class Sponsor

Chemistry

Biology

Health

English II

History



Sodality 2, 3, 4
Apostolic Committee
Chairman 4
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
4-H 1
Bookkeeping Medal 4

Shirley Vogel



Donald Rohmer

*Salutatorian
President*

Mr. Sacred Heart 4
Most Athletic 4
Commentator 4
Basketball Letterman 4
Football Letterman 2, 3, 4
Baseball Letterman 2, 3, 4
Basketball Trophy 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Altar Boy 1, 2
Class Officer 2
Volleyball 3, 4
Altar Boy 1, 2

Class Officer 1
Class President 4
Football 2, 3, 4
Lettered 2, 3, 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3
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Biology Medal 2
Science Medal 3
Commentator 4
Justus Speech Tournament
Altar Boy 1, 2



Daniel Hoenig



The co-captains of the
Mr. and Miss Sacred Heart
are
Daniel Hoenig
Teresa Fleisch



Ray Wimmer

Football Queen 4
CYC 2, 3, 4
CYC Delegates 2
Pep Squad 2, 3, 4
Cheerleader 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Class President 2
Choir 2, 3
Sodality 3, 4
Catholic Truth Chairman 4
Class Favorite 3, 4
I-H 2, 3, 4
I-H Recreation Leader 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Letterman 3, 4
Basketball Co-Captain 4
Most Athletic 4
Jesuit Speech Tournament 4
Drummer 3

Class Favorite 4
Most Witty 4
Most Friendly 4
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
Commentator 4
Industrial Arts Medal 2
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Letterman 2, 3, 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3
Letterman 2, 3
Track 3
Volleyball 1
Altar Boy 1, 2

LaVerne Otto



acknow
Otto
xmer
orites



Lauren Octavia Daniel Phoenix
Matt Hazzard



Charles Klement

Sodality 2, 3, 4
Eucharistic Chairman 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
4-H 1
Choir 2, 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4



Dolores Sicking

4 H 2, 3, 4
4-H Officer 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Bus Driver 4



Class Officer 3
Best Groomed 4
CYC 1
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Class Favorite 1, 2
Football 2, 3, 4
Letterman 2, 3, 4

Dwayne Schilling

Cheer 1, 2, 3, 4
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
CYC Officer 4
CYC Delegiate 2
Sodality 2, 3, 4
Best Groomed 4
Drill Team Leader 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3
Our Lady's Chairman 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
4-H 1, 2
Art Show Award 4

Marilyn Walterscheid



Best Groomed
by **Waltercock**
skittie





Joey Dangelmaier

Choir 1, 2, 3
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
CYC Officer 4
Sodality 2, 3, 4
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Cheerleader 2, 3, 4
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Most Courteous 4
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L-H 2, 3, 4
L-H Officer 4
Art Show Award 4

Class President 1
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Most Courteous 4
Commentator 4
Altar Boy 1, 2



Angeline Hess



Witwest
Ray Wimmer
and
Jane Hess



Class Officer 4
CYC 3, 4
FH 1
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
University of Dallas
Art Show
Honorable Mention 4

Daniel Yosten

Treasurer

Pep Squad 1, 2, 3
Drill Team Leader 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Cardis 1, 2, 3, 4
Chair 1, 2, 3
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
FH 1, 2, 3, 4
Sod 1, 2, 3, 4
Most Witty 4
Queen Candidate 3
FH Recreational Leader 4
Basketball Letterman 3, 4
Jesuit Speech Tournament 4
Social Committee Chairman 4
CYC Delegate 2



Jane Hess



Thomas Schmitz

Secretary

Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
Head Squadron Leader 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Sodality 2, 3, 4
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4
4-H 1, 2
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
CYC Secretary-Treasurer 4
Sodality Vice-Prefect 4

Rachel Endres

Commentator 4
Altar Boy 1, 2
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Class Officer 3, 4
4-H 2, 3, 4
Baseball 3
Letterman 3
Bus Driver 4

ЭИОНЭ



Yankee
Kew
Buddle
friendly



Doris Lee Grewing

Football Manager 1
Football 2, 3, 4
Letterman 2, 3, 4
Bus Driver 1, 2, 3
Letterman 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Letterman 1, 3
I-H 4
I-H Sergeant at Arms 4
Track 2, 3
Bus Driver 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Class Favorite 3
Automotive Club 4

Sodality 2, 3, 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
Choir 2, 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
I-H 1



David Hess



Creativity

High school is a search for truth, which is groped for with the finite hands of initiative and creativity. It is only through relentless use of these two qualities that a student can realize his full self, which is a measure of truth. This truth is never reached in high school; high school only furnishes the searcher with a compass to guide him in his lifelong quest. This is the essence of life, a never-ending search for truth. The student discovers vast proportions of truth in college, but his new enlightenment exposes many questions formerly veiled behind his humanity. The process repeats itself throughout life. Truth is so immense that full finite perception of it is impossible. Thus, while each newly discovered aspect produces satisfaction in the explorer of life, it also serves to increase his hunger. The more this hunger is fed, the more joy life is able to produce. The ever increasing hunger for truth is accompanied by a catapulting joy of fulfillment. The joy keeps increasing until the next life where it reaches its ultimate.

This process does not begin, however, until initiative and creativity are pushed to their utmost. The purpose of high school is to allow a student to develop his initiative and creativity. Thus, high school is a launching pad into future happiness.

Donald Rohmer



Class Officer 3
4-H Officer 4
Automotive Club 4
Jesuit Speech Tournament 4
Photographer 3
NSPA 3
4-H 3, 4
Commentator 4
Baseball 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4

Daniel Wilde



Sodality 2, 3, 4
Sodality Prefect 4
Chair 1, 2, 3, 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3, 4
Squadron Leader 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
4-H 1
Basketball 2, 3
Letterman 3

Eileen Hesse





A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater over a light-colored collared shirt. He is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a neutral expression.

Commentator 4
Altar Boy 1, 2
Social Science Medal 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Football 2, 3, 4
Letterman 2, 3, 4
Track 3

Wayne Ritter

Sodality 2, 3, 4
CYC 1, 2, 3, 4
Choir 1, 2, 3, 4
4-H 1, 2, 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4
Pep Squad 1, 2, 3
Drill Team Leader 4

Alma Herr



John Stoffels

1H 2 3, 4
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 4

Commentator 1
Junior Play 3
Senior Play 1
Looptoe 2, 3, 4
Lamb 3, 4
Baseball 2, 3, 4
Football 3, 4



Melvin Koelzer

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Cheerleaders
Drill Team
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Poems and Paragraphs
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She Stoops to Conquer and Liliom
U. D. Art Show
Around the World in Eighty Days
Retreat
Baseball

Sports Awards
Speech Tournaments



NUMBER 4

Tribute to Pastor
Dedication
Seniors
Most Likely to Succeed
Most Studious
Mr. and Miss S. H.
Class Favorites
Most Athletic

Best Groomed
Most Courteous





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Frank Dustin
Gainesville Daily Register

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Wilde Chevrolet
Yosten Sand & Gravel
Dr. Kralicke
Dr. Kejduk



Isn't there more? More to see, more to do, more to love and more to learn? Is it over, all over? We've only begun. We've closed a door but opened another into a wider, more complex world.

Will we as adults make use of our high school days? Have we listened enough? Are we now ready to be listened to?

The decisions are heavy . . . but necessary, inevitable.

Can we make them alone?

God will lend us His mighty hand. Blind men need it.

Janie Hess

*Let the night be too dark for me to see
Into the future. Let what will be, be.*

Frost



